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SEXUAL ASSAULT ON CAMPUS

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CRISIS



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FEATURES



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COLLEGE SEXUAL ASSAULT CRISIS

Allegations of sexual assault on campus are at record levels, as are lawsuits from the accused, including Paul Nungesser, claiming schools discriminated against them based on gender.



*WILL PRINCE CHARLES RISK MAKING CAMILLA, DUCHESS OF
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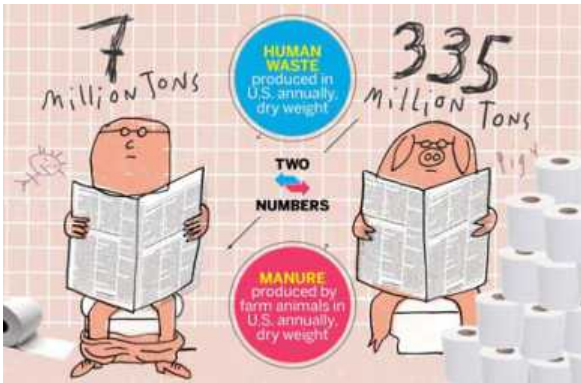
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*SAN BERNARDINO
SHOOTINGS SIGNAL
NEW TACTICS IN
TERROR*



Newsweek

*WHO'S TO BLAME
FOR THE UNITED
STATES OF HATE?*



Newsweek

*TWO NUMBERS:
ANIMAL MANURE
A GROWING
HEADACHE IN
AMERICA*



Newsweek

*RUSSIAN PARANOIA
SPURS SPIKE IN
TREASON TRIALS*



Newsweek

*OCEANS ARE NOT
ON THE TABLE
AT CLIMATE
NEGOTIATIONS IN
PARIS*

NEW WORLD



*‘TECH TATS’
USHER IN NEW
GENERATION
OF WEARABLES*

DOWNTIME



*THE MAN
BEHIND THE
ICELAND
AIRWAVES
MUSIC
FESTIVAL*



*JOYCE CAROL
OATES SHARES
SECRETS TO
HER TWITTER
GAME*



*KOBE THROWS
UP ANOTHER
BRICK
WITH HIS
RETIREMENT
PLAN*



*CHINA'S
GROWING
APPETITE FOR
CAVIAR AND
TRUFFLES*



*BERLUTI: A
GENTLEMAN'S
EMPORIUM
BEFITTING
ANDY WARHOL*

BIG SHOTS

PERP WALK



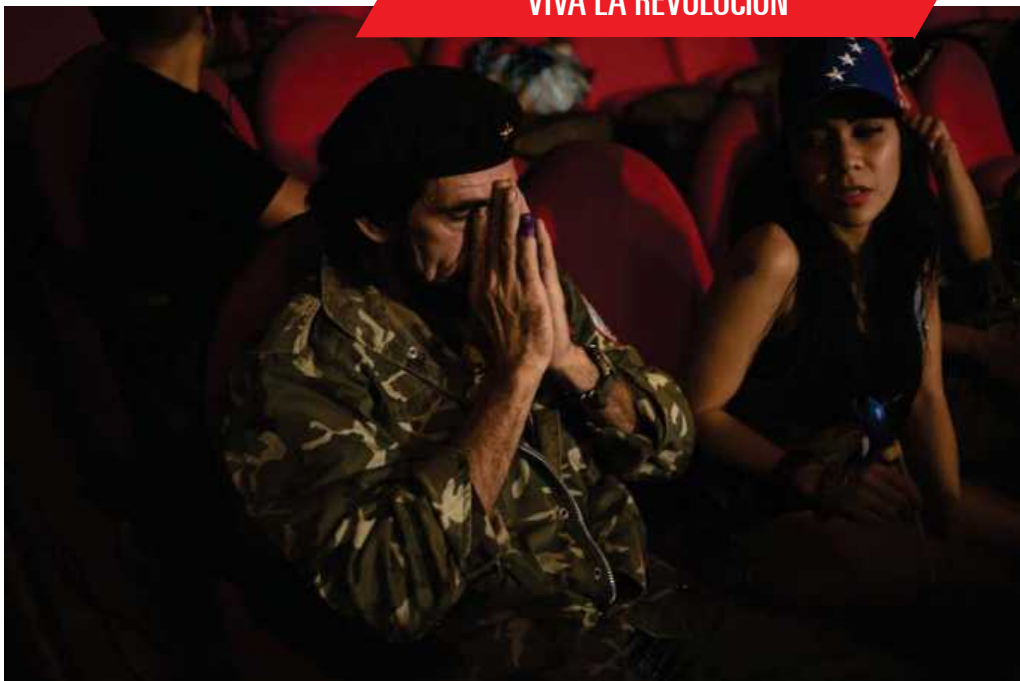
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STILL SMILING



VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN





Newsweek

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COLLEGE SEXUAL ASSAULT CRISIS

ALLEGATIONS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT ON CAMPUS ARE AT RECORD LEVELS, AS ARE LAWSUITS FROM THE ACCUSED, INCLUDING PAUL NUNGESSER, CLAIMING SCHOOLS DISCRIMINATED AGAINST THEM BASED ON GENDER.

When you are the most notorious alleged college rapist in the country, it takes a lot of guts to attend your graduation ceremony.

For most of Columbia University's Class of 2015, graduation day was an exuberant celebration of four years of hard work at one of the country's most prestigious schools. For Paul Nungesser, it was yet another reminder of how alone he was on that storied campus, and how hated he was. He and his parents had agonized over whether to attend the ceremony because his classmate Emma Sulkowicz had accused him of raping her, and for more than eight months she had carried an extra-long twin-size mattress around campus, vowing to do so until he was expelled, or fled. Despite this very public shaming, Nungesser had stayed in school and earned his degree. But now he worried that people would boo him as he crossed the stage to claim his diploma, that reporters would hound him, that the image of him in his cap and gown would spread across the Internet. He also feared that Sulkowicz would lug that mattress onstage, even though Columbia had warned the seniors not to bring "large objects which could interfere with the proceedings or create discomfort to others."

At the last minute, the family decided to attend. His parents flew in from Berlin, where they live and where Nungesser is from. His mother, Karin, recalls that on graduation day it was pouring rain "like it's perhaps the last day of New York." Despite the apocalyptic weather, a thousand students lined up in their blue caps and gowns, eager to take their prize. Nungesser wore a matching blue bow tie and khaki pants, while some of his classmates stuck red tape to their caps, part of a campus anti-sexual-violence organization called No Red Tape, co-founded by Sulkowicz.

As "Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1" played over the loudspeakers, the soon-to-be graduates filed from the student center to the campus green and took their seats on white folding chairs under giant tents. On the way in, Nungesser spotted Sulkowicz, carrying the mattress. He texted his parents about it but knew there was nothing they could do. So he sat nervously, awaiting his turn to cross the

stage. At one point, the keynote speaker, Los Angeles Mayor Eric Garcetti, said, “You took risks. You’ve held contrary opinions, held die-ins and sit-ins and carried mattresses.... Never stop being activists.”

“It was like a slap in the face,” says Andreas Probosch, Nungesser’s father. (Karin Nungesser and Andreas have been together 25 years but are not married.)



Emma Sulkowicz carries her mattress with the help of friends as she receives her diploma at Columbia University's graduation ceremony on May 19 in New York. Sulkowicz defied a school ban on “large objects” to haul her mattress to the podium when she claimed her diploma. Paul Nungesser and his parents were at that ceremony. Credit: Kiera Wood/Columbia Spectator

After the speakers had all passed along their platitudes and homilies, administrators began calling students to the stage. Fortunately for Nungesser, when the announcer read his name, no one booed or protested. But eight minutes later, it was Sulkowicz’s turn. The announcer stumbled over her name, perhaps distracted by the giant mattress wrapped in a waterproof cover being lugged to the dais by Sulkowicz and four friends. A loud burst of applause drowned out the names of the next few classmates called after her.

Sitting among all the rain-soaked parents, Probosch remembers feeling relieved that nobody knew who he was. “I wondered...What would they do if they knew we were the parents of the guy Emma accused? What would they do? Would they spit in front of us?”

Karin, however, felt defiant. “I would have liked to go to every single parent in that audience and say, ‘I am the mother of Paul, and I am very proud of my son, and I hope you discuss with your sons and daughters what they did to him.’”

Sulkowicz’s final act of rebellion that day—and the fact that Columbia did not stop it—is now part of a lawsuit Nungesser has filed against his alma mater. Even though Columbia found him not responsible for what Sulkowicz alleged, his suit claims the school was complicit in her long-running effort to destroy his reputation and declined to intervene because he is male. Some people believe the claim is absurd. Others say it’s the wake-up call higher education needs to start protecting all students.



Paul Nungesser walks through Mauerpark in the Prenzlauer Berg neighborhood of Berlin on December 4. The fallout from the national press coverage of Sulkowicz's story has negatively impacted Nungesser's reputation, he says, making it difficult for him to find work. Credit: Mustafah

Abdulaziz for Newsweek

‘Starting to Snowball’

Colleges have recently ramped up their investigation of sexual assault accusations because a 19-page letter told them to do so. In 2011, the U.S. Department of Education’s Office for Civil Rights issued a “Dear Colleague” letter. It clarified that sexual violence is a subset of sexual harassment, which in an education setting falls under Title IX of the Education Amendments. The OCR threatened to investigate schools thought to be insufficiently zealous with sexual assault cases, and if it found a school had violated Title IX, the OCR might rescind federal funding.

“We were seeing quite a bit of noncompliance and quite a bit of concern around the country,” says Catherine Lhamon, assistant secretary for civil rights at the Department of Education, who believes the “Dear Colleague” letter did its job. “I think we’ve seen just a cataclysmic change around the country in terms of attention to the issue, responsiveness

to it, and training, preparation for our students so that we can see safer campuses,” she says. The OCR is investigating 152 colleges for their handling of sexual violence claims, and, she adds, complaints about sexual violence at colleges have increased more than 400 percent.

Victims’ advocates say the OCR letter helped destigmatize sexual assault and encourages survivors to report. But a less-told consequence is the tendency by schools to trample due process rights for the accused, according to some higher education and legal experts. “There was for a long time a perception that colleges were not responsive at all to claims of sexual misconduct,” says Samantha Harris, director of policy research at the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education. These days, however, “a growing number of people are starting to be concerned that the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction.”



Students demonstrate on Columbia University's campus on September 12, 2014. Credit: Kiera Wood/Columbia Daily Spectator

“I think probably a lot of colleges translated the ‘Dear Colleague’ letter as ‘favor the victim,’” says Brett

Sokolow, executive director of the Association of Title IX Administrators and president of the National Center for Higher Education Risk Management, which consults with schools. “We very quietly started to say to our clients.... Don’t overcorrect on this because it will touch off a spate of litigation by accused individuals.”

The message, he adds, was “You went too far. Swing the pendulum back.” Sokolow says schools didn’t heed the warning and resented the suggestion. “[We] really took it on the chin. I mean, this was such an unpopular thing for us to say. And it does not feel good in any way, shape or form to have been absolutely right.”

Nungesser leads the swelling ranks of male students suing colleges, seeking damages and asking judges to force schools to clear their records. A database on the website of advocacy organization Boys and Men in Education says at least 90 men have filed such lawsuits in the past few years, and some lawyers say the total number is even higher. Until recently, the lawsuits focused on claims such as breach of contract and lack of due process. But increasingly, lawyers are throwing gender discrimination into the mix. Accused men are now echoing the complaints of their (most often) female accusers: that schools are violating Title IX, the federal law that prohibits sex-based discrimination in federally funded education programs.

At a time when a movement is finally growing to prevent campus sexual assault and support the survivors, the claim that schools are anti-male can sound as absurd as white people suing for racial discrimination. After all, **new findings reaffirm** the statistic that 1 in 4 or 5 college women is a victim of a sexual assault, and research **published** in the journal *Violence Against Women* says that only 2 to 10 percent of campus sexual assault accusations are false. But at least 14 so-called reverse Title IX cases are moving through the courts, and new ones are being filed every few weeks. All it takes is one victory in court to set a legal

precedent and end what some higher education experts say is an overcorrection on sexual assault.

“Things are starting to snowball. There’s kind of a gathering storm of resistance,” says Jonathan Taylor, founder of Boys and Men in Education. Since 2011, accused students have sued too many schools to list.

At Vassar College, the daughter of a longtime professor had sex with her teammate on the rowing team. She later told him on Facebook that she had “had a wonderful time,” court documents say. A year later, though, she reported that she had not consented and that she had tried to resist and felt trapped. After an investigation and hearing, the school expelled him. He sued, but a judge dismissed the case.



Emma Sulkowicz faced some backlash for her "Carry That Weight" project; Around the time of her graduation, someone put up posters near Columbia featuring her and the words "pretty little liar" and "#rapehoax."

Credit: Teo Armus/Columbia Daily Spectator

At Brandeis University, a male student accused his ex-boyfriend of “numerous inappropriate, non-consensual sexual interactions” during their two-year relationship, according to the federal complaint. Those apparently

included waking the accuser with a kiss in the morning (because the accuser was half-asleep, the school investigator said he was incapacitated) and seeing his then-boyfriend naked in the dorm shower. The accused was found responsible for sexual misconduct, and he's suing.

A case against Washington and Lee University recently survived a motion to dismiss. According to the complaint, a female student started kissing a male student, led him to his bed and removed his clothes. They apparently performed oral sex on each other and then had intercourse. She spent the night, and in the morning they exchanged phone numbers, the complaint says, and a month later, they had sex again.

The next semester, the female student attended a presentation on sexual assault, during which the school's Title IX coordinator allegedly spoke about how "regret equals rape." (The school has denied this.) Soon after, the female student filed a complaint, and the coordinator from the presentation opened an investigation. That person allegedly omitted important details from the report, such as quoting the girl as saying, "I usually don't have sex with someone I meet on the first night" and leaving out her caveat: "But you are a really interesting guy." The school expelled him. He sued, and a jury trial is scheduled for April.

Lawsuit after lawsuit paints a picture of some accused college rapists that's far different from the stereotype of the roofie-dropping frat boy or violent jock. "I'm not representing students who are being accused of violent gang rapes," says Kimberly Lau, a lawyer who represented the accused Vassar student. "I'm talking about the gray area, the he-said, she-said, two people in a room, two people drinking...and coming away the next day with different narratives of what occurred."

Nungesser's case was a he-said, she-said, and its details are well-known by now. He and Sulkowicz were friends who had had sex on two occasions before they hooked up

again in August 2012, on the first day of their sophomore year. They seemed to remain friendly afterward, but several months later, Sulkowicz filed a report with Columbia, claiming Nungesser had anally raped her that night in August during what had started as consensual sex. She also said he had slapped her, choked her and pinned her down and wouldn't stop despite her screaming. "He could have strangled me to death," **she told** The New York Times.

"That was obviously a huge shock, and a whole world for me broke apart," Nungesser says of the accusation. He told the school the sex had been consensual. In November 2013, Columbia found that Nungesser was not responsible and denied Sulkowicz's appeal.

Shortly after Sulkowicz filed her report, two more women came forward with accusations against Nungesser. One said he had groped her and tried to kiss her a year earlier; another said that when she dated Nungesser, she had felt pressured to have sex with him. Nungesser's accusers **have said** they each decided to speak up when they learned of the others' cases. Columbia exonerated Nungesser in all cases. (In one, the school initially found him responsible; after an appeal, a second hearing cleared him. A fourth accuser, a male student, later said Nungesser had sexually assaulted him; again, the school found him not responsible.) "This is the point where all of us say, Well, this is finished, OK," says Karin, his mother. "Now everything can cool down."

Or heat up. In December 2013, the New York Post **ran a story** about the first three claims, referring anonymously to a "jock 'rapist'... still walking around like a big man on campus because the school dropped the ball." In January 2014, a student publication detailed the claims against him, with pseudonyms for all involved. Then, in April 2014, Sulkowicz spoke at a press conference with New York Senator Kirsten Gillibrand. A press release quoted Sulkowicz as saying, "My rapist—a serial rapist—still

remains on campus, even though three of the women he assaulted reported him.... Every day I live in fear of seeing him.”

A month later, Sulkowicz **appeared** on the front page of The New York Times and **penned** an article for Time about the alleged rape. Nungesser’s name soon appeared on fliers and graffiti around campus, along with the words “serial rapist.” Days later, Sulkowicz filed a police report. The district attorney decided not to bring charges, which, Nungesser’s lawyer at the time says, was because the office felt it could not prove the case beyond a reasonable doubt. Sulkowicz has said it was because she declined to participate in the DA’s investigation. (The DA declined to comment to Newsweek.) But the report was enough for the Columbia Daily Spectator **to publish** Nungesser’s name, confirming the identity of Sulkowicz’s long-alleged rapist. “I knew that was the point of no return,” Nungesser says. “I knew life was never going to be the same again.”

Throughout the ordeal, Nungesser’s parents regularly emailed school administrators, including President Lee Bollinger. Every email expressed a new concern:

We have just learned that our son was ambushed outside his residence by two reporters.... Do we have to wait until Paul is beaten up, severely wounded or even killed?... We just talked to Paul on the phone and found him devastated, depressed and without any support.... We feel that his well-being is seriously in danger.... You are again massively worsening our son’s situation.... Shame on you, Mr. President!

Columbia’s responses, which the parents provided to Newsweek, were usually boilerplate, stating that the school “takes these matters extremely seriously.” “Every time we said, ‘Please, Columbia, do something,’” Karin says. “And they didn’t.”

Then came the art project for which Nungesser’s accuser would gain international fame—and credit for her school

thesis. She titled it Mattress Performance (Carry That Weight). In a September 2014 video, she declared she would carry a mattress around campus “for as long as I attend the same school as my rapist.” **That video** now has more than 2.2 million views.

Nungesser was appalled and scared. “Immediately, when I found out about the project, I reached out to Columbia. I said, ‘There is someone apparently doing a school-sponsored project about getting me either bullied or expelled. This can’t be going on. You should be doing something about it. I’m not feeling safe. This is against school regulation.’ And I was just completely—yeah, ignored is not even strong enough” for how little they seemed to care.

The image of Sulkowicz struggling under the weight of her mattress became a national symbol, her “Carry That Weight” slogan a rallying cry. She appeared on the covers of **New York magazine** and the New York Times **Arts section**. New York art critic Jerry Saltz **named** her project the best “art show” of 2014. She attended President Barack Obama’s State of the Union address as Gillibrand’s guest, and women’s groups showered her with awards. Students at more than 150 schools participated in “Carry That Weight” days of action, hauling mattresses across campuses.

“I would hear people talking about it who didn’t even know me or didn’t recognize me. I would hear people discussing it on the subway...non-Columbia people,” Nungesser says. “I kept telling myself, ‘I’m not that person.’”

He considered leaving school but knew people would take that as an admission of guilt. So he and his parents stopped emailing Columbia, pleading for help, and lawyered up.



Emma Sulkowicz, a senior visual arts student at Columbia University, carries a mattress on September 5, 2014 on campus in New York, in protest of the university's lack of action after she reported being raped during her sophomore year. The protest doubled as her senior thesis project. Credit: Andrew Burton/Getty

‘Dark Days Ahead’

Four thousand miles away from the ivy-covered residence halls, neoclassical libraries and Alma Mater sculpture that watches over the Columbia campus, Nungesser, who turns 24 this month, sips espresso macchiato in a dimly lit café in the trendy Prenzlauer Berg section of Berlin. He grew up around the corner and later moved away, long before it was trendy. It took months of negotiating to arrange this meeting; he’s wary of reporters and hadn’t spoken with one at length since before graduation.

Nungesser has been depicted as a privileged Ivy Leaguer from Europe, but he attended Columbia on a need-based scholarship, and his family had to borrow to pay his legal fees. These days, he lives with his parents and freelances as a cinematographer. He plans to apply to film school, but he feels that he’s lost all of his New York connections and that he can’t return to the U.S. He says prospective employers

Google his name and question him about what happened at Columbia. “It’s something that I have to explain in detail every single time, which is very painful to do, and ultimately it’s also been leading up to me missing out on several jobs,” he says.

If the “mattress protest” turned Sulkowicz into the poster girl for campus sexual assault survivors, it made Nungesser the poster boy for alleged campus rapists. “The question was always, What can we do to clear Paul’s name?” Karin says. As the “mattress protest” went viral, and Columbia was doing nothing to stop it, Nungesser’s father flew to New York City to hire an attorney. He happened to visit just as Sulkowicz’s New York cover hit newsstands, and he saw it everywhere. He met with Andrew Miltenberg, a lawyer who had gained **media attention** for representing 75 to 100 accused students (by his count) and who had previously sued Columbia.

On April 23, 2015, Nungesser **filed a federal lawsuit** against Columbia, its trustees and president, and Jon Kessler, an art professor. (Kessler declined Newsweek’s interview request. Lawyers for Columbia and Kessler did not respond to Newsweek’s requests for comment, but in court filings they deny responsibility for Sulkowicz’s conduct.)

The complaint details the many ways Columbia allegedly allowed Sulkowicz to commit gender-based harassment: Kessler helped Sulkowicz develop the “mattress” idea; Columbia let her carry the mattress in school buildings and on school-provided transportation; Bollinger supported Sulkowicz in the press; the school promoted her project on its website and paid part of the cleanup fee for a “Carry That Weight” rally. The suit claims those actions “significantly damaged, if not effectively destroyed Paul Nungesser’s college experience, his reputation, his emotional well-being and his future career prospects” and “deprived him of equal access to educational benefits and opportunities at Columbia on the basis of his gender.”

One name that doesn't appear on the list of defendants is Sulkowicz's. "Ms. Sulkowicz believes what she believes, and she's created this story for herself," Miltenberg says. "The greater distress is at Columbia for allowing her to have on-campus rallies, allowing her to base her thesis on this, allowing her to essentially legitimize her story.... At this point, she's sort of a footnote."

Sulkowicz declined to speak with Newsweek but said by email, "Paul Nungesser's complaint is filled with lies.... I want to warn you to be conscientious about what you publish as 'fact' for I may work with a lawyer to rectify any inaccuracies and misrepresentations."

Two days after Nungesser filed, Kessler posted a link on Facebook to an article about the lawsuit. He tagged Sulkowicz and wrote, "Dark days ahead..."



Sulkowicz posted "Rules of Engagement" for her "mattress" project on the wall of her studio. Credit: Jennifer S. Altman/The New York Times/Redux

'Sex Is Confusing'

Twenty years before Sulkowicz carried that weight, a woman at Vassar, once all-female, accused S. Tim Yusuf of sexual harassment. At the time, schools were just starting

to grapple with “date rape,” which *Ms.* magazine had called a campus epidemic. Court documents are now sealed, but Yusuf recalls that his accuser claimed he had tried to pull the towel off her as she came out of the shower. “It was terrifying, that’s really the only way to put it,” he says. “At the time, you don’t really understand everything that’s going on. You’re too emotionally involved to really question what’s being said to you.”

Yusuf maintained his innocence and had records proving he was elsewhere at the time of the alleged incident, but he says the disciplinary panel refused to consider them. The school suspended him for a semester.

Soon after, in 1992, Yusuf sued Vassar for discrimination based on gender and race. (He is South Asian–American.) A judge dismissed the case, but Yusuf appealed, and another judge reinstated the gender claim and issued an opinion. It was likely the first time a court had supported a claim of erroneous outcome from a discriminatory school disciplinary hearing. Yusuf and Vassar eventually settled before trial, but the precedent was set.

The current wave of male-Title IX cases often cite *Yusuf v. Vassar*, but proving that a school not only discriminated against a male student but also did so because the student is male is difficult. “You almost have to show that a woman who was accused in a similar situation would have gotten more favorable treatment somehow, and that’s an almost impossible standard,” says Patricia Hamill, a lawyer in the Brandeis case. That’s because “it’s so rare that a woman is accused,” she notes.

Few male-Title IX cases since *Yusuf v. Vassar* have been even remotely successful, and those ended in settlements, not full-out wins. “I don’t think a Title IX lawsuit against a college or university by anybody is going to go to trial because higher ed won’t let it, because the attorneys and the insurance companies will settle these cases to make sure that

that precedent is never set,” says the Association of Title IX Administrators’s Sokolow. “You’re going to have to find a plaintiff, whether they’re an accused student or a victim, who refuses a settlement, no matter what it is, and insists on their day in court, which is a very expensive thing to do.”

Miltenberg, Nungesser’s lawyer, has brought a handful of Title IX claims by accused male students to court but says they’re not “getting a tremendous amount of traction.” Despite that, he remains optimistic. “The courts are going to have to see enough of these that there is a sense across the country that, Wait, this is coming up too much, there really must be something wrong.”

Advocates for sexual assault victims are scornful of these Title IX lawsuits. “I worry that it encourages or it incentivizes universities to evaluate actual allegations of sexual assault and dating violence not based on their merits, and not to investigate the truth of what happened, but simply to evaluate who poses the greater sort of threat of litigation,” says Zoe Ridolfi-Starr, a recent Columbia graduate. She helped Sulkowicz carry her mattress at graduation and is now deputy director of Know Your IX, a survivor-run anti-sexual-violence campaign. “The impact on individual survivors can be tremendous,” she says, adding that the lawsuits can expose survivors to unwanted publicity and give the impression that the number of false rape accusations is higher than it is.

Perhaps the problem isn’t wrongful accusations but the definition of sexual assault. “I don’t think anybody knows what it is,” Sokolow says. “It’s fascinating to watch what these women and men—it’s both—want to label as sexually unacceptable behavior. And I wonder if it’s generational. I wonder if we’re all behind the times, and they’re redefining their own sexual mores, and we haven’t figured it out yet. Or if they’ve redefined what’s acceptable to them based on hypersensitivity, which their generation is known to possess.”



Emma Sulkowicz and four of her friends carry her mattress at Columbia College Class Day on May 19 at Columbia University in New York. Credit: Kiera Wood/Columbia Daily Spectator

The hypersensitivity debate goes beyond sexual assault; it could apply to everything from “trigger warnings” to “safe spaces” to the recent unrest at Yale University after an administrator defended potentially insensitive Halloween costumes as free speech.

Ridolfi-Starr dismisses the “hypersensitivity” thesis. “Students finally have the confidence and the cultural space and the vocabulary to articulate when certain things are unacceptable.... That’s not because we’ve now become a bunch of delicate flowers,” she says. “You would never talk to a war veteran who has PTSD and say, ‘Aren’t you being a little hypersensitive?’”

School Title IX administrators, who investigate sexual misconduct complaints, aren’t receptive to the male-discrimination angle either. During an October seminar for Title IX administrators, Justin Dillon, a lawyer in a firm that settled an accused male-Title IX case against George Washington University, and who has two such cases now

pending, cautioned attendees from holding only one student accountable after two incapacitated students have drunken sex. “They are frankly raping each other,” he said. The audience bristled, and the lawyers presenting with him, Hamill (from the Brandeis case) and Susan Kaplan, had to tell attendees to settle down.

Dillon found that reaction “completely unsurprising” and adds that his firm gets one to three calls per week from concerned young men or their families. “Sex is confusing. And sex when you are a college student, often away from home for the first time and trying to figure out who you are in the world, is confusing,” he says. “There is no sense at schools anymore that maybe we should just sit down with the complainant and say, ‘Wow, it sounds like you really wish you hadn’t had sex with him, but did you ever say no? And were you really so drunk that you didn’t know what you were doing?’”

The issues lawyers take with school proceedings include the vague notices schools send accused students; the single-investigator model, in which one person is responsible for the entire investigation; the lack of access the accused have to records; and the way some schools bar advocates or attorneys from aiding the accused. Samantha Harris, of the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education, says, “Even though people seem to understand the importance of due process generally, there seems to be this blind spot with regard to these sexual assault claims.”

Hamill has represented about two dozen male respondents in the past few years. She got one of the rare settlements for a male-Title IX case, against Swarthmore in 2014. “These are young people who are navigating relationships. Communication isn’t always as clear as everybody might like it to be,” she says, speaking generally. “I would hate to be on a college campus today—on either side of this—because of the threat.”

‘They’re Ruining Kids’ Lives’

For six of Luke's eight semesters at Colgate, college was everything he had hoped it would be. He helped lead six student organizations at once, studied abroad in China, had a long-term girlfriend and spent a summer researching climate change with a professor in a Costa Rican rain forest. Once, during a "Walk a Mile in Her Shoes" event to raise awareness about sexual violence, he strapped on red high heels and marched around campus. Another time, he helped a female activist classmate carry her mattress.

In October 2014, coinciding with a "Carry That Weight" day of action, a female student with whom Luke was friendly allegedly helped organize a forum at Colgate on sexual assault. Over the next two days, she and two more women who allegedly attended the forum filed sexual misconduct complaints against him. "I didn't tell anybody at that point because I had no idea what I was up against," says Luke, who asked that Newsweek not use his real name because he fears the allegations will destroy his reputation. He didn't even tell his parents. "I had complete faith in the Colgate administrator's system because Colgate had been so good to me and I trusted that they would find the truth and they would find me not guilty."

"He's a college kid. He was 21 years old. He doesn't know that he's just been hit by a truck," says Luke's father.

More than five months passed before the school told Luke the details of the allegations. He says he was allowed to review them only in a file at the associate dean's office, during office hours and with his adviser present. "So while the three complainants had three years to come up with their case and the investigator had five and a half months to come up with her case," Luke says, "I was given less than a week to read through an 85-page file and come up with a defense."

One of the women alleged Luke had "digitally penetrated" her vagina without her consent. Another said he had "touched her buttocks" and breasts without consent and exposed his penis and forced her to touch

it. The third claimed he had touched her breasts without consent, “digitally penetrated” her vagina without consent, exposed his penis, forced her to touch it and “pushed” it against her thigh without consent. These incidents had all allegedly happened two and a half to three years before the complainants filed.

“I remembered the encounters I had with these women my freshman year, but I did not see anything wrong,” Luke says, “so I was replaying them through my head hundreds, thousands of times. I couldn’t sleep.” He insists that the first woman allowed him to touch her breasts and that they did nothing else. He says he never went beyond consensual kissing with the second woman, while she was shirtless, and consensual kissing and under-the-shirt touching with the third woman.

A hearing panel—which included the administrator who allegedly spoke at the October sexual assault forum that one of the complainants organized—reviewed all three accusations at once, found him responsible for all and expelled him. It was 39 days before he was set to graduate.

“I didn’t know the unfairness,” Luke’s father says, “[until] I went online and said, Holy cow, this is happening all over America. And he was one of those guys that got hit, that got swept up in this. These administrators don’t have any capability to give a fair process. They’re just not qualified, and they’re ruining kids’ lives.”

Luke filed a Title IX lawsuit in August. Colgate has not yet filed a response. A spokeswoman for the school declined to comment on pending litigation, and its lawyers did not respond to Newsweek’s emails. The names of the accusers are not public, and they are not defendants in the lawsuit.

Perhaps lawsuits such as Luke’s and Nungesser’s indicate that a fundamental shift is underway in the campus rape debate. “I don’t think this is the beginning of the end, but I think it’s the end of the beginning,” says Miltenberg, who also represents Luke. “Hopefully, people take a closer

look at allegations like this. Now, that's not to say that there aren't real sexual assaults and rape. Those are very serious problems. But so is being falsely accused of something."



A print by Emma Sulkowicz, depicting a female figure and the words "You can take my story but my body won't be overwritten," above a New York Times article about her ordeal at Columbia University, was shown in an undergraduate senior art exhibition. Credit: Emma Sulkowicz

‘How Would You Feel?’

Weeks after filing their lawsuit, and days before that tense Columbia graduation, Nungesser's parents visited Dodge Hall, a brick building near the center of the campus. An art exhibition on the third floor featured work by graduating seniors. They expected to find Sulkowicz's mattress there. They knew seeing it would be painful, but they wanted to bear witness to what their son had endured.

Instead, they came across Sulkowicz's large portrait of a man who they instantly thought resembled their son, printed

over an issue of The New York Times that included a story about him. The figure was grinning and pulling down his underwear, exposing his erect penis.

Another print, over the Times article about Nungesser, showed the same man in profile, naked and on a mattress, on top of a woman they thought resembled Sulkowicz. She was naked, pinned down, on her back with her knees by her shoulders. The male figure was penetrating her in the same way Sulkowicz has said Nungesser raped her. A third print showed the female figure covering her eyes, with the words “You can take my story but my body won’t be overwritten.”

“How would you feel having your face and your genitals drawn over an article with your name, which is then exhibited to the entire school?” Nungesser says. “Columbia is hosting this, is facilitating this.... A Columbia faculty [member] approved those prints, supervised those prints, hung those prints on the wall and then gave a toast to this exhibition.”

Nungesser and his parents say they have no interest in settling the lawsuit. “My faith in justice has been so fundamentally shaken,” he says, “that I’m hoping by going forth and putting this into a court of law there’s going to be someone who says this behavior that occurred here was [an] injustice.

“What happened to me...could happen to any other college male,” he adds. “Institutions are capable of intense cruelty without even realizing what they’re doing.”



Chris Jackson/Getty

WILL PRINCE CHARLES RISK MAKING CAMILLA, DUCHESS OF CORNWALL, HIS QUEEN?

PRINCE CHARLES AND CAMILLA HAVE BEEN WAGING A SLOW, STEADY CAMPAIGN TO BURNISH HER IMAGE.

The woman married to the heir to the British throne enters the Rape and Sexual Abuse Support Centre in a south

London suburb via the fire escape. Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall—she was Camilla Parker Bowles until she married Prince Charles in 2005—doesn't want to draw attention to the location of the center by going through the front door. This choice of entrance keeps photographers who might be waiting for her largely out of sight to passersby and helps preserve the safe unremarkableness of the building, which is vital because the women inside do not want their abusers to find them.

The duchess begins her visit. Each time a member of staff or a victim of sexual violence is introduced to her—there are about 30 women, both victims and helpers—she leans forward, making the interaction a little more intimate than most handshakes between commoners and royalty. The duchess, who is wearing a sober blue-gray suit with two delicate dragonfly brooches on one lapel, does not appear to be unsettled by the rings in the noses of some of the women she is meeting or by the tattoos some of them display on their arms. Nor does she seem to mind that most of the women don't curtsy or address her as “ma'am,” as royal protocol demands.



Prince Charles and his wife Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, are given cupcakes with their picture on them during a visit to the National Anzac Centre in Albany, Australia on November 14. Credit: Tracey Nearmy/EPA

Located in Croydon, the center provides victims with long-term counseling to help “turn them from a victim to a survivor.” The duchess first visited the center in 2009 following a request from Chief Executive Yvonne Traynor. “A lot of celebrities and royals won’t touch sexual abuse with a barge pole because it is so hard-hitting,” says Traynor. “But she is not like that. She immediately put everyone at their ease, didn’t flinch and was not patronizing or pitying.” Since 2009, the duchess has visited many other rape centers around the U.K. and on her trips abroad. “She is one of us, an ordinary person who has been thrust into the limelight,” says Traynor. “She even carries her own money.”

The affection British people like Traynor increasingly feel for Camilla—particularly because of her ability to come across as being of the people rather than of the ruling elite—reflects a dramatic turnaround in the way the British public feels about the woman who was reportedly involved with Charles when he was married to Princess Diana. In

a BBC television interview broadcast in November 1995, the princess of Wales publicly aired her feelings about Camilla, without naming her. “There were three of us in this marriage, so it was a bit crowded,” the princess said. Try recovering from that sort of public put-down, not least when it is delivered by a beautiful, vulnerable-seeming princess whose huge popularity only grew with her death in a car accident in 1997.

Related: Why Do Americans Fawn Over British Royalty?

But 10 years into Camilla’s marriage to Charles, the British public’s attitude to her has softened. Whether it has softened enough for her husband to dare make the woman he loves his queen is unclear. People close to the royal family say it has long been his greatest wish that should he become king, Camilla should be crowned alongside him, a move that would seal her journey from maligned mistress to fully accepted partner in life. Charles “hopes the public will eventually come round,” says a close royal contact. There may not be a huge amount of time for that to happen. Charles’s mother, Queen Elizabeth, will be 90 next year. She appears in good health, but she is almost certainly in her twilight. Observers are increasingly talking about what role Camilla will take in the event Charles becomes king.



Camilla Duchess of Cornwall and Queen Elizabeth II attend a horse whispering demonstration by Monty Roberts at the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace in London on October 21. Queen Elizabeth is 89, so it is reasonable to wonder how long it will be before Charles becomes king and must decide on what title to give his wife. Credit: Rex Features/AP

Charles knows that he may not get his wish. A royal insider confides to Newsweek that Charles is beginning to accept that the British public has not yet fully accepted her. A **poll** by YouGov released ahead of Charles and Camilla's 10th wedding anniversary in April 2015 revealed that **35 percent** of those contacted said they did not want Camilla to be queen. While **49 percent** said they were in favor, there is no constitutional document that states what the wife of a king must be called. The matter is decided by royal prerogative rather than Parliament; in other words, King Charles would have the sole authority over whether his wife would be known as Queen Camilla. Legally, Camilla would automatically become queen if Prince Charles becomes king, but it's not that simple. A statement from Clarence House, the official London residence of Prince Charles and Camilla, issued on the day they married announced that Camilla

would be known as princess consort in the event of Charles's accession to the throne.

That would be fine by Camilla. "The duchess is laid back about it," says the close contact. "I don't think she will mind if she is not crowned queen." Camilla's nephew, businessman Ben Elliot, says, "She has no ambition to be queen. She just wants to support her husband." Art historian Roy Strong, who has known Camilla for many years, agrees. "She is not a woman who ever wanted to be queen and by default end up as the king's wife," says Strong. "You don't feel she is a scheming fixer. I don't think that sort of ambition is in her mind."

Whether Camilla becomes queen will depend in large part on how Britons feel about her relationship with two young men who were 15 and 12 years old when their mother died. If there was a nationwide feeling stronger than grief in the remarkable days after Diana's death, it was a shared sense of protectiveness toward the two boys who somehow managed not to cry as they followed their mother's coffin into Westminster Abbey for her funeral on September 6, 1997. Millions of people around the world were crying. Camilla, wisely and inevitably, stayed out of the public eye as much as she could at the time.



Camilla Parker Bowles, left, and Lady Diana Spencer (later Princess Diana) are seen at Ludlow Racecourse in Ludlow, England in Oct. 24, 1980. Credit: PA/AP

But within months, Diana's older son made a perhaps unexpectedly adult decision for a teenager trying to cope with such grief. One day in June 1998, less than a year after his mother's death, William turned up unexpectedly at St. James's Palace, where he had an apartment. St. James's, close to Buckingham Palace, is home to both senior and single royals. Princes William and Harry and the Duchess of Cambridge (formerly Kate Middleton), among others, also have their offices there. Camilla was that day visiting Charles in his apartment.

Prince Charles seized the opportunity and asked William if he would see Camilla. The two had never met. The young prince agreed. Charles brought Camilla to William's apartment, made the introductions and then left. Camilla and William talked for half an hour. It was a potentially explosive encounter and at the very least an extremely stressful one for both parties. When Camilla came out,

according to a report in The Sun newspaper, she said: “I need a drink.” William wanted to keep the meeting private, but to his fury it was leaked to the press. In a BBC documentary this past February, Sandy Henney, former press aide to Prince Charles, confirmed how angry Prince William had been when details of the meeting were spilled to the press.

Related: [Diana: Princess of the World](#)

One encounter couldn’t heal the young prince’s wounds, and William agreed to see Camilla again—for tea a couple of times and also for lunch. But it took until February 2001 before he consented to be seen officially with her in public. The carefully choreographed occasion was at a London party to celebrate the 10th anniversary of Britain’s Press Complaints Commission. William and his father arrived 10 minutes before Camilla, who came with her son, Tom Parker Bowles, and her sister, Annabel Elliot. Charles and William stayed on one side of the room while Camilla stayed on another. Gossip columnists noted this as a significant step forward in the couple’s relationship. An insider tells Newsweek, “Prince Charles knew he couldn’t marry Camilla until his sons felt more comfortable with her and that the public had become aware of that and sometimes despaired of what seemed an interminable wait.”

Harry also found bonding with her difficult. Both boys knew only too well that her existence had tortured their much-loved mother. And Camilla knew that memory would probably always act as an emotional barrier between her and Charles’s sons. “To Camilla’s credit, she never tried to replace their mother,” says an insider.

Charles’s popularity plummeted after Diana’s death, but by 2002 he was back in public favor, largely because many British people thought he was being a good father. He delayed his longed-for marriage ceremony for another three years, until William and Harry finally came round to the idea. The young princes released a joint statement prior

to the wedding: “We are both very happy for our father and Camilla, and we wish them all the luck in the future.”



Prince William, Duke of Cambridge, Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, Charles, Prince of Wales and Prince Harry attend the Opening Ceremony of the Invictus Games at Olympic Park in London, England on September 10, 2014. Credit: Camera Press/ROTA/Redux

Today, the relationship between stepmother and stepsons appears warm but guarded. A person close to the royals says: “She gets on better now with William and Harry, and they are pleased she makes their father happy, but they are not especially close. She doesn’t see a lot of William and Kate, particularly since they moved to their country home, Anmer Hall, in Norfolk. At one time, it was thought the duchess and Kate would bond, but it hasn’t happened. William also always makes it clear that Camilla is the wife of his father, but not a stepgrandmother to his children, and that Prince George and his sister Princess Charlotte have two grandfathers, but only one grandmother.”

Happily for Camilla, George’s and Charlotte’s great-grandmother seems to have fully accepted her daughter-in-law. On a recent afternoon, I joined the duchess at an event held at Buckingham Palace Royal Mews by the Brooke,

a charity that helps care for working horses, donkeys and mules. Monty Roberts, 80, a well-known American horse whisperer and ambassador for the charity, demonstrated his innovative techniques with a 5-year-old horse that had had minimal contact with people, never worn a saddle or been ridden, to show how she could be trained in 20 minutes to accept a rider, rather than the usual six weeks. The duchess, who is patron of the charity, shares Roberts's passion to bring nonviolent training to the equine world.

A surprise visitor turned up—the queen, taking a break from the state visit of Chinese President Xi Jinping. Camilla kissed her mother-in-law on both cheeks and then curtsied. Both women sat transfixed as Roberts made clucking and kissing sounds; he waved his hands and a long stick with a plastic bag on the end. The horse responded by turning one way, then another and coming to Roberts to be stroked, and then Roberts put a saddle and stirrups on it. Finally, one member of his team mounted and rode the horse round the ring. Throughout, the queen and the woman who, in the words of Strong, the art historian, has made the queen's oldest child “less on edge and more confident in himself” chatted happily and asked Roberts numerous questions.

But it is with her own family that Camilla is most like the sort of person who carries her own money. Camilla and her ex-husband, former Brigadier Andrew Parker Bowles, share two married children: Laura Lopes, who has a daughter, Eliza, 7, and twins Gus and Louis, 6; and Tom, who has a daughter, Lola, 8, and son, Freddy, 5. Tom is a food writer and television presenter. Laura is an art curator.



Lt. Col. Andrew Parker-Bowles of the Blues and Royals, his wife Camilla, son Tom, 9 (holding his fathers OBE), and daughter Laura, 5, pose for a portrait on February 21, 1984. Credit: Topham/PA/TopFoto

Although the duchess often shares weekends with Charles at Highgrove House, his country home in

Gloucestershire, she also maintains the Parker Bowles family's 18th-century manor, Middlewich House, in neighboring Wiltshire. There her grandchildren can run around freely and watch TV shows Charles might not approve of. He is notoriously fussy and doesn't like his things being knocked over, although he regularly travels to join her for dinner on Saturday evenings.

But while the Parker Bowles family members may seem middle class compared with the family Camilla has married into, they're decidedly not. Tom, like his father, is part of the line of succession to the earldom of Macclesfield. Both of Laura's husband's grandfathers were peers of the British realm. Camilla is the great-granddaughter of Alice Keppel, mistress of Edward VII. Camilla came out as a debutante in 1965, and an inheritance of 500,000 pounds from a member of her mother's family has meant she has never needed to work. Her first wedding, in 1973, was described in the press as the "society wedding of the year." Her future mother-in-law, the queen, was a guest.

Related: Raising a Baby in the New Royal Age

But once you meet the duchess, you understand what Traynor means about Camilla being "one of us." She has a natural warmth, is down to earth and is clearly tenacious. (She and Charles met in 1971 when she was 23 and Charles a year younger; there can't be many women who would wait more than 40 years to marry the man they love.) Turning up, smiling, accepting flowers, shaking hands and supporting various charities is an intrinsic part of life for the wife of a senior royal. But the duchess won't get involved in a charity unless she has thoroughly researched it and feels she can be useful. Camilla is obviously stretching herself to the full: At an age when most people have retired or are close to retiring, she is patron or president of 75 organizations.

The duchess is particularly keen on charities that cover literacy, domestic violence, animal welfare and sick children. She has written that one of her roles is to "shine

a light on the violence hiding in the dark corners of our society.” Not all royals are quite so willing to venture into the uglier parts of the world they live in. I ask her if the brutal stories she hears linger after she visits places like the counseling center in Croydon. “I think about them a great deal, and they stay at the back of my mind all the time,” she replies. “It is often quite harrowing. I do my best to help. If you mind a lot about certain things, as I do, it is easy for me to do as much as I can.”



Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, poses for a photograph with the Royal Australian Corps of Military Police at the Victoria Barracks in Sydney, Australia on November 12. Camilla has years of practice for what her life will be like when Charles takes the throne: a calendar clogged with good works and photos with strangers. Credit: William West/EPA

In 1997, the year Diana died, Camilla became patron of a charity—Britain’s National Osteoporosis Society—for the first time. A former member of the staff says: “It was the start of carefully chosen public appearances that would hopefully show her in an increasingly good light.” The duchess chose this particular charity for her first move into a very traditional royal role because her mother and grandmother had both succumbed to the painful, incurable and inherited illness.

As the years passed after Diana's death, Camilla became an increasingly public figure, even though those Britons reluctant to relinquish the fantasy of the Charles and Diana fairy-tale romance still saw her as the woman who had broken up a happy marriage. Strong says she is much better at her public duties than she was: "At first she was a bundle of nerves, but recently she's grown in assurance."

Like it or not, Camilla must compete with Diana's starry legacy of good works, as well as in her role as the heir to the throne's wife. At a time when many people were afraid to touch people with HIV or AIDS, Diana made sure to be photographed shaking hands—ungloved—with people who had AIDS. She campaigned for an international ban of land mines and was pictured holding on her lap a 13-year-old Angolan girl who had lost her leg to a land mine blast. "I'd like to be the queen of people's hearts," she told the BBC in that famous interview two years before her death, coining a phrase that lingers to this day. Diana was also an inimitable fashion icon. Camilla is known to feel most comfortable in casual clothes and Wellington boots while enjoying country pursuits, but she has recognized that she is constantly scrutinized, and so looking good for her husband has become a priority. Over the last few years, she seems to have grown in confidence and found her own fashion style. Much is due to couture designer Bruce Oldfield.

Speaking to Newsweek about his royal client for the first time, he says: "When she comes for a fitting, I listen to all the niggles about how she perceives her body shape and what she wants to show and not show. They are the sort of niggles shared by most women of her age. For example, few women want to flash their upper arms after 40. The duchess likes creams and soft blues and greens. Last year, I put her into pale pink, a color she was not used to wearing but one she later told me her husband liked, so I scored there. Sometimes, for very formal occasions, she might say her outfit that has bones is not very comfortable. I reply it is

not supposed to be comfortable, it is about making her look gorgeous, and ask her to put up with it, which she usually does.”



Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles leave a London theater after a night out in London's West End on February 13, 1975. Credit: Derek Hudson/Daily Mail/REX

With her growing confidence has come a willingness to use her connections, whether they are political or royal, to help her charities. After leaving Croydon, Camilla and her entourage drove to Nelsons, a British manufacturer of health care products in Wimbledon, also in south London. But the duchess wasn't on her way to Wimbledon for the reason many royals make the trip—to watch a match on the lawn courts of the All England Tennis Club. She had the idea of providing female rape victims with a wash bag of comforting toiletries—which she described as a “crumb of comfort.” The women would be given the items following the trauma of post-assault forensic tests at London Havens, specialist centers for people who have been raped or sexually assaulted. Staff at Nelsons had organized a pop-up assembly line. When she was asked if she would she like to help

assemble the wash bags, a look of anxiety flashed across her face. “Oh, no,” she said at first, looking vulnerable, then agreed, possibly feeling awkward about performing a manual task in front of photographers. She fumbled at getting the right product in the correct place in the three interlaced transparent wash bags. “I wouldn’t get 10 out of 10 for them,” she apologized. “I can see it takes a bit of practice.”

The duchess knows about practicing. She has been practicing and preparing for years now for the life she will have and for the duties she will take on when Charles becomes king. Will the British public accept her and love her as they did Diana? Probably not in the same way, no. The duchess will never be, and has never tried to be, a second Diana. Queen or princess consort, Camilla’s sense of fairness, her stability and her obvious warmth toward those less privileged than herself could yet make the British people cherish her as once they cherished her husband’s first wife.

Angela Levin’s book **Diana’s Babies: Kate, William and the Repair of a Broken Family** is available on Amazon in paperback and as an e-book.



Mario Anzuoni/Reuters

SAN BERNARDINO SHOOTINGS SIGNAL NEW TACTICS IN TERROR

HOMEGROWN EXTREMISTS SUCH AS THE SAN BERNARDINO ATTACKERS GIVE ISIS A TERRIFYING NEW WEAPON.

In the immediate aftermath of the attacks on September 11, 2001, amid the shock, horror and sadness, the nation's law enforcement and intelligence services scrambled

desperately to assess the capabilities and intentions of an enemy that had just revealed itself in nightmarishly spectacular fashion. Two scenarios filled them with dread: first, a follow-up attack using weapons of mass destruction—nuclear, biological or chemical. The obsessive determination to prevent that had enormous consequences. Most obviously, it led the U.S. into a disastrous war in Iraq, but to date, mercifully, the effort has succeeded.

The second scenario—viewed at the time as more likely—was a series of assaults not on iconic symbols of American power but on the ordinary places people go to routinely: a pipe bomb going off at the Mall of America outside of Minneapolis; a lone shooter opening fire at a high school football game in Ohio; a suicide bomber detonating himself at an evangelical megachurch outside Houston. In the wake of September 11, the psychological impact of such an attack would have been devastating. It would have said, in no uncertain terms: We can hit you anywhere, at any time. And in so doing, we can bring your way of life to a halt. “We lost a lot of sleep over that one too,” Dale Watson, then a senior counterterrorism official at the FBI, said at the time.

Related: Who’s to Blame for the United States of Hate?

It took 14 years for it to happen, but happen it did. On December 2, at a holiday party in San Bernardino, a city about an hour east of Los Angeles. Fourteen dead, 21 wounded—and had a planted bomb detonated, the casualties could have been much worse.



Ryan Reyes, center, breaks down immediately after finding out his boyfriend of three years, Daniel Kaufman, was one of those killed during a mass shooting at the Inland Regional Center in San Bernardino, on December 3 at a home in Rialto, California. Credit: Rick Loomis/Los Angeles Times/Getty

Terror's new face had revealed itself in America. A young Muslim couple seen as unremarkable by co-workers and friends alike, who had "self-radicalized," assembled a small armory of weapons and pledged allegiance to the Islamic State militant group (ISIS)—all without the FBI or local law enforcement catching a whiff of it.

Syed Farook and Tashfeen Malik may not have been recruited by ISIS and were (until the moment they started shooting) "sympathizers" rather than fighters. But for all that, the FBI had seen them coming. Not Farook and Malik specifically but the threat they came to embody. For months now, officials from the FBI and the Department of Homeland Security have been testifying about the potential danger of "lone wolf attacks" by "homegrown violent extremists" and how difficult it is to track and deter them. Consider how grimly prescient FBI Director James Comey sounded in congressional testimony earlier this fall: "These individuals present unique challenges because

they do not share the profile of an identifiable group. Their experience and motives are often distinct, but they are increasingly savvy and willing to act alone. They may gain inspiration from terrorist narratives, including material in English; events in the United States or abroad perceived as threatening to Muslims; the perceived success of other HVE plots, such as the November 2009 attack at Fort Hood; or their own grievances.”

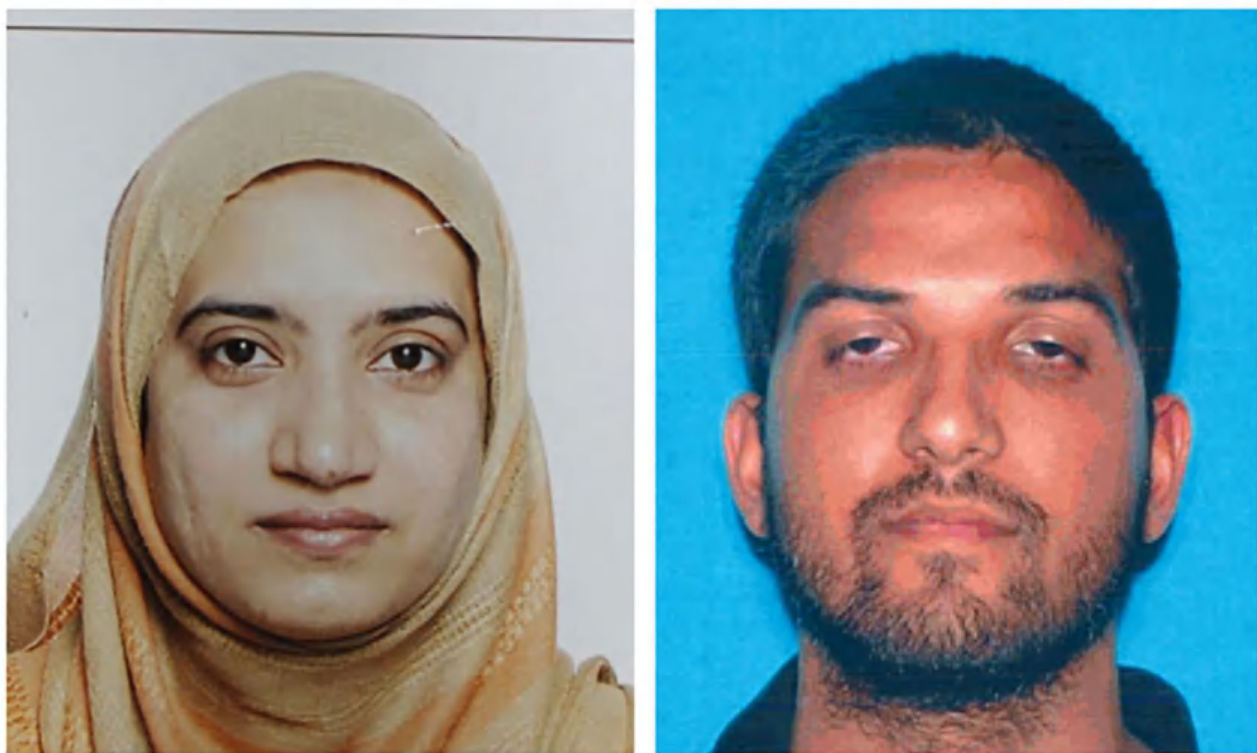
Related: Company Prosper Loaned Over \$28K to San Bernardino Shooter: Report

The deadliest attack on American soil since September 11—and the sense that more may be coming—forced President Barack Obama to deliver on December 6 a speech from the Oval Office meant to reassure a rattled country, to convince us there is a way to defend the homeland and defeat ISIS. Obama, of course, does not want to be a wartime president. He has wanted—and in fact has been—an anti-war president, getting U.S. troops out of Iraq, scaling back significantly in Afghanistan and balking at getting involved in Syria (after drawing a “red line” that Syrian dictator Bashar al-Assad then crossed). And many of his public utterances about the “war on terror”—a term his White House has avoided—have been, to be kind, unfortunate. He infamously called ISIS a “JV” team in 2014. On the morning of the ISIS attacks in Paris last month, he said the group had been “contained.” And just before Thanksgiving, he sought to reassure Americans that, in the wake of Paris, the administration knew of no credible attack threats.

The substance of his December 6 speech was unremarkable and predictable: an intensifying air campaign against ISIS; more effort from allies post-Paris; tightening up visa requirements at home; a plea for more effective gun control laws to make it more difficult for militant group sympathizers like Farook and Malik to buy heavy weaponry; and no plans for significant ground troops in Syria or Iraq,

but special operations forces already deployed will help “accelerate” offensives against ISIS safe havens.

But a question the president acknowledged in his speech resonated, both because it was the right question and because the truthful answer is not one anyone wants to hear. “I know,” Obama said, “that after so much war, many Americans are asking whether we are confronted by a cancer that has no immediate cure.” He answered that we will “overcome” the threat terrorism poses but wisely avoided a time frame, because the honest answer is that there is no immediate cure for this cancer. Since September 11, the war on terror has been called “the long war” because that’s what it is. Fourteen years after the 9/11 attacks, the reality of homegrown, self-radicalized ISIS or Al-Qaeda sympathizers is now as obvious to everyone as it was to Comey and his colleagues before December 2.



From left, this undated combination of photos provided by the FBI, and the California Department of Motor Vehicles shows Tashfeen Malik and Syed Farook, respectively. Credit: FBI/AP; California Department of Motor Vehicles/AP

And one of the pivotal questions—perhaps the pivotal question in the wake of the San Bernardino attack—again conjures up the ultimate terrorist nightmare, just as the attacks on September 11 did: Does the presence of self-

radicalizers (the FBI had, before December 2, more than 1,000 individuals on its watch list) make it easier for ISIS or Al-Qaeda to execute an attack in this country using a weapon of mass destruction (WMD)? (We know, at minimum, that ISIS has chemical weapons captured from the Syrian army.) Are there HVEs with the know-how to make and detonate a dirty bomb?

Related: American Muslim Organizations Condemn San Bernardino Shooting

Intelligence and law enforcement officials must now deal with those questions every day. The signal success of both the Bush and Obama administrations has been to prevent a mass-casualty WMD attack on U.S. soil. But a WMD attack is complicated. It involves a lot of moving parts and matériel that is not easy to come by. And the success thus far in deterring such an assault once again made it seem like a remote possibility.

Shooters walking into a holiday party and unloading their clips is not a remote occurrence. If it can happen in San Bernardino, it can happen anywhere. That is the message Farook and Malik, an anonymous and innocuous couple before December 2, intended to deliver. That they succeeded marks a new and terrifying phase of a war that is not going away.



Mark Wilson/Getty

WHO'S TO BLAME FOR THE UNITED STATES OF HATE?

**AMERICA'S GREATEST THREAT ISN'T TERRORISTS. IT'S
DIVISIVENESS.**

Even before police could put up crime-scene tape on Wednesday at the mass shooting site in San Bernardino, California, social media was clogged with one major question: Which political party could be blamed?

If this was labeled as Islamic terrorism, conservatives were ready to pounce on the Obama administration and Democrats with the message that the deaths were the result of weakness in combating jihadi enemies. If this was deemed workplace violence, liberals were ready to go with their case that this was all about Republicans blocking gun control.

It's pathetic. America has become so divided into ignorant tribes, each so focused on "winning" for their political teams, so convinced of their ideological opponents' malevolent intent, that every horror or downturn or struggle is seen solely through the lens of which party triumphs in the messaging competition. All nuance is removed from any debate. Who's to blame has become the overriding issue, even before the murdered have been identified or the evidence presented. A genie of hatred has been let out of the bottle, with each half of the country seeing the other not as people of different political philosophies but as wicked, psychopathic fascists bent on destroying America.

Related: San Bernardino Shooter Made Social Media Contact With Extremists

As horrifying as the San Bernardino shooting was, and as heartbreaking as it is to know that 14 people perished, the event has exposed another terrible reality: the sickness that permeates our national id, a level of inhumanity and callousness that shows America is broken, perhaps irreparably. We can accomplish nothing, not because we disagree on solutions, but because we divide ourselves into warring camps as irrational in our loathing for each other as the Shiite and Sunni fighters in the Middle East.

To understand why, let's first explore this shooting. The facts are unprecedented in modern times—and perhaps ever. Terrorists almost exclusively target strangers for mass murders, primarily because it is the randomness of an attack that is the mechanism for instilling fear. Not here; the male suspect, Syed Rizwan Farook, worked in the building and killed his fellow employees like a typical workplace shooter.

(The most similar examples to Farook in this case are Yassin Salhi, who beheaded his boss this past summer after he had been fired by a French delivery company, and Alton Nolen, who did the same last year to a co-worker after being dismissed by an Oklahoma food-processing plant where he worked; both were violent Islamic extremists who had no ties to an organized group, but both were also disgruntled former employees.)

There are other bizarre aspects. An attack by married shooters—whether jihadis, racists or any other category—is virtually unprecedented, particularly given that they had a baby. (The closest comparison is the 2005 bombing in Amman, Jordan; Ali al-Shamari and Sajida al-Rishawi were a husband-and-wife suicide team, but her bomb did not explode. In the Charlie Hebdo attack earlier this year, Amedy Coulibaly and his wife, Hayat Boumeddiene, were both part of the Islamic State militant group, known as ISIS, but she did not participate in the shooting.)

Terrorism is intended, by definition, to convey a political message. The San Bernardino killers, while clearly influenced by Islamic extremism, made no attempt to do so. There were no calls invoking Allah as the killings began; in fact, survivors said the shooters said nothing. Masks hid their faces, they made no attempt to blow themselves up as terrorists often do, and there are no reports that they left notes or any other evidence to convey political goals or motives.

So this is an unprecedented mass workplace shooting by an employee and his wife who appear to have been radical Muslims. So what is the political message?

The better question: Who cares?

“Putting aside the possibility of actual transnational terrorism, it doesn’t matter if someone snaps because of ISIS ideology or racist ideology,” says Patrick Skinner, a former case officer with the Counterterrorist Center at the CIA who is now director of special projects with the Soufan Group,

a strategic security intelligence firm. “If it is the difference between someone getting radicalized by something online about ISIS or neo-Nazis or they just hate life, the threat is all the same.”

Related: Presidential Candidates React to San Bernardino Shooting

In other words, bullets have no motives. They kill innocent people whether fired by a jihadi or a skinhead or an abortion protester or a mentally ill person or a disgruntled employee or an enraged racist or a suicidal schoolboy or any of the untold numbers of disaffected, homicidal human time bombs in our midst. All of them place us in danger; America should be united in trying to find a solution to decrease that danger, not split into cliques of rage-filled screamers looking for a scoring point. A lone-wolf shooter—or a couple of wolves—are extremely difficult if not impossible to detect before they start killing, intelligence analysts tell Newsweek. But that won’t stop after-the-fact blaming.

In the most extreme example, activists on both sides now rush to find out (or simply make up) whether a mass shooter is registered as a Republican or a Democrat, in order to invoke political affiliation as the driving force behind murder. “Liberals don’t respect life,” a conservative blogger said to explain his article that claimed all mass murderers are from the political left. “The only politically motivated domestic terrorists in this country are coming from the right,” a liberal blogger retorted.

Politicians and political commentators have fed into and off of this relentless hate that is destroying America. When prominent individuals say, with no justification, that those across the political divide are murderers, rapists, tyrants, racists and all manner of other evildoers, it is no surprise that a frightened populace will tear itself apart and, in some cases, be moved to violence. Nothing is open for discussion—climate change, for example, is not a scientific debate; climatologists are deemed part of a vast conspiracy designed

by liberals to bring down America, while those who deny the science are nothing more than tools of the fossil fuels industry. Each side is certain of the other side's motives; few listen to the facts underlying the issue.

In the titles of books, pundits call their ideological opponents "traitors," "criminal gangs," "the Great Destroyer," and on and on. When Carly Fiorina, a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, lies that she saw a video of abortion providers keeping a baby alive so they could harvest its brain, conservatives used to hearing the "Democrats are baby-killers" meme nod without seeing the irrationality of the allegation. (Harvesting a brain for what? Why would it need to be alive? And why didn't Fiorina immediately call law enforcement to report the murder on a video that no one else seems to have seen? And how many of those too lacking in common sense or sanity will feel compelled to rescue these imaginary babies with violence?) President Barack Obama attacks conservatives as being "afraid of widows and orphans" on the issue of Syrian refugees. Hillary Clinton proclaims she is proud of having Republicans as her enemies. Senator Ted Cruz, another GOP presidential candidate, says most crimes are committed by Democrats and that the recent shooter at Planned Parenthood in Colorado was a "transgendered leftist activist," even though there was no rational evidence to support any of those claims.

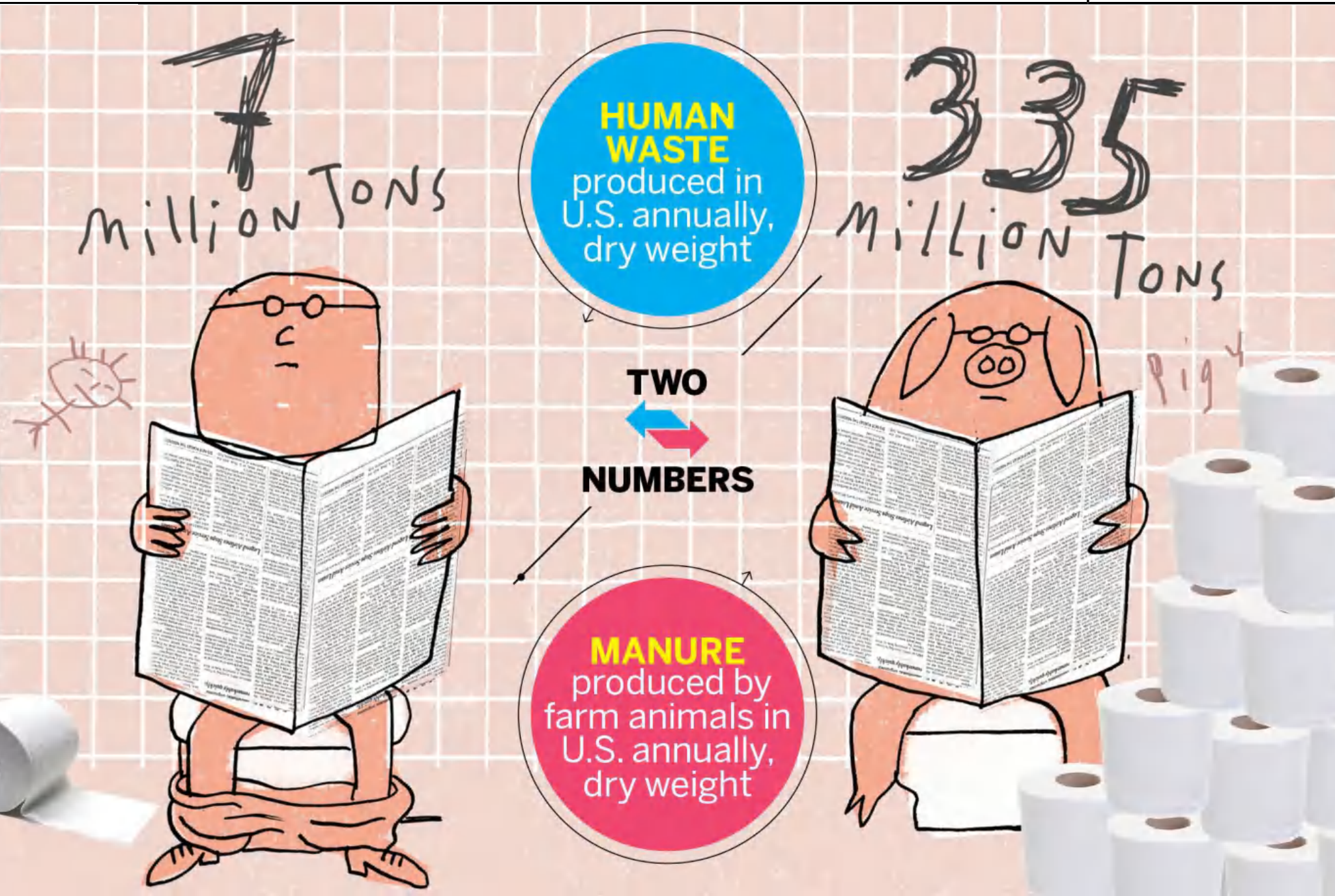
One prominent politician has addressed the issue of how invective and politicization from both sides is tearing apart the country. On Face the Nation, a few days after the Planned Parenthood shooting, Ben Carson, another candidate for the Republican nomination, called for greater reason and respect in political debate about topics like abortion. "No question the hateful rhetoric exacerbates the situation, and we should be doing all we can to engage an intelligent, civil discussion about our differences," Carson said. "I think both

sides should tone down their rhetoric and engage in civil discussion.”

How could anyone object to that? Because Carson, in our modern madness, was deemed by his erstwhile supporters to be calling for respectful dialogue with the evil opposition. “Dr. Carson just ended his presidential candidacy,” Troy Newman, who leads the anti-abortion group Operation Rescue, proclaimed in response to the candidate’s call for calm.

Is any of this fixable? Sadly, probably not. In the last decade, America has descended into a society flooded with facts—from the Internet or cable television or talk radio—but with far too little knowledge. Complexity—and reality is almost always complex—doesn’t win clicks online or television viewers or political advantage. Bomb-throwing and fire-breathing are what bring in the audiences and the donors.

“There are real threats, but no one is interested in how to solve that. They are looking to profit off of it, or fundraise from it, or get more retweets,” says Skinner, the former CIA case officer. “It’s like talking to a crazy person. And we have become a nation of crazy people.”



Serge Bloch

TWO NUMBERS: ANIMAL MANURE A GROWING HEADACHE IN AMERICA

ANIMALS PRODUCE MORE WASTE THAN HUMANS, BUT IT ISN'T PROCESSED MUCH AT ALL.

America has a growing problem: more and more manure, produced at fewer sites and not effectively processed. It used to be that cattle, hogs and chickens were raised at many farms dispersed across the country, often with fields or large areas in which they could move around. The manure these

animals produced was typically used to fertilize crops grown at the same or nearby farms, which were then used to feed the animals, creating a semi-sustainable feedback loop, says **Steve Wing**, a researcher at the University of North Carolina.

But those days are long gone, and the cycle is broken, Wing says. In North Carolina, for example, the number of hog farms has shrunk from more than 25,000 to a little over 2,000—while the hog population has more than tripled. And most of the manure isn't used to fertilize farms, he says, but instead sits in lagoons to fester, occasionally leaking out and **contaminating nearby groundwater**.

The trend is similar across the country. Most North Carolina hogs, and a majority of food animals in the U.S., are now at Concentrated Animal Feeding Operations, or CAFOs. These facilities, in which animals are housed in extremely tight quarters, produce massive amounts of manure.

According **to the U.S. Department of Agriculture**, animals at feeding operations—including CAFOs, houses, feedlots and other confinement facilities—produce 335 million tons of manure annually in the U.S. And that's in dry weight. If you include the liquid fraction and waste from smaller farms, food animals produce **2 billion tons of manure** per year, according to a **report just published** by the Rachel Carson Council (RCC), a science-based, nonprofit environmental group.

American humans, on the other hand, produce **7 million tons** of fecal material per year, as measured in dry weight. But unlike human waste, animal manure isn't processed at all, says **Robert Musil**, head of the RCC, and that's causing human health problems. Wing's research, for example, has shown that people who live near hog farms have higher rates of asthma and breathing problems, and that CAFOs are disproportionately located in areas populated by African-Americans and other people of color. Flooding of these facilities also releases unsafe levels of bacteria downstream.

One of the main problems, Wing says, is that the earthen lagoons in which all this manure is placed aren't properly protected from the elements; they're lined with only thin plastic or nothing at all. "All of them either are leaking or will leak, because that's a function of how they are engineered," Wing says. A representative [study](#) from the American Society of Agricultural Engineers shows, for example, that in Iowa, all 28 lagoons sampled leaked a little bit. But a small amount of leakage is legal and varies by state. Environmentalists and researchers like Wing and Musil say the amount of leakage allowed is unacceptably high, as are the emissions of odors and gases from these lagoons.

The pork industry, of course, disagrees. According to the National Pork Producers Council, farmers have been unfairly burdened by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. The group [writes on its website](#) that "while EPA has failed to demonstrate any adverse impacts on air quality standards associated with agricultural production, the agency continues to target the agricultural sector."



Valya Egorshin/NurPhoto/ZUMA

RUSSIAN PARANOIA SPURS SPIKE IN TREASON TRIALS

**HOW THE KREMLIN HAS ATTEMPTED TO CLOSE
RUSSIANS OFF FROM FOREIGN INFLUENCE.**

When Alexei Svyatin, a retired Russian army officer, emerged this summer from a vodka haze to find the battered body of merchant sailor Sergei Karelsky lying dead at his feet, he immediately telephoned police to report that he had neutralized a “spy.” His suspicions, he told startled

officers in Bykhovskaya, a picturesque village around 160 miles from Moscow, had been aroused by Karelsky's tales of frequent work-related trips abroad. Some five months later, on November 17, a 76-year-old man in central Russia's Kaluga region stabbed an acquaintance to death after a drinking session. His explanation? His guest had announced—in what appears to have been an ill-considered joke—that he worked “for Obama and will tell him all about you.” Enraged, the ultra-patriotic senior citizen shouted, “Ah, you American agent!” and grabbed a knife, according to Russian media. In both cases, the attackers have been charged with murder.

Vodka, to paraphrase the Russian author Anton Chekhov, can make a man do the strangest things. But alcohol-frazzled villagers and senior citizens aren't the only ones seeing traitors and foreign agents everywhere in today's Russia. Since the imposition of Western sanctions over the Kremlin's annexation of Crimea in March 2014, a spike in treason cases has sucked in a diverse group that includes a mother of seven, an air-traffic controller, a Russian Orthodox Church official, a top physicist, businessmen and a former military intelligence employee. There were 15 convictions for state treason in Russia last year, an almost fourfold rise from 2013. While there are no official statistics for 2015, lawyers and human rights defenders tell Newsweek this year's figure is already approaching two dozen.

“Absolutely anyone can be charged with treason now, even people without access to state secrets,” says Zoya Svetova, an opposition journalist and human rights activist, who has met some of those convicted on that charge. “Trials are carried out behind closed doors, and we often only find out about them after sentences have been handed down.” Because fewer than 1 percent of criminal trials in Russia result in an acquittal—a figure that is even lower than during Soviet dictator Josef Stalin's Great Terror—Svetova

suggests that people falsely accused of treason usually plead guilty in the hope of a shorter jail term.

Related: Putin: Russia's Troller-in-Chief

This increase in the number of Russians being charged with betraying their homeland stems from controversial legislation introduced by President Vladimir Putin in 2012. Under the vaguely worded law, anyone providing information “directed against Russia’s security” to a foreign or international organization can be charged, even if that information comes from open sources. Defendants, along with their lawyers, are often kept in the dark about the exact nature of their alleged crimes. Many of these treason cases are linked to Ukraine, whose pro-Western government Russian officials accuse of being a U.S. puppet.

Among the most high-profile cases is that of Svetlana Davydova, a 37-year-old mother of seven young children. She called the Ukrainian Embassy to report that she had overheard locally based soldiers discussing their secret deployment to the war-torn former Soviet state, because she was against the war and wanted to avoid casualties. Even though the Kremlin denies Russian troops are active in Ukraine, armed Federal Security Service (FSB) officers raided Davydova’s apartment and charged her with treason.

“This was intended to frighten people, to show them that even a breast-feeding mother can end up in a cell if this is in the interest of the special services,” says lawyer Ivan Pavlov, who represented Davydova, as well as others accused of treason. Earlier this month, Pavlov and other lawyers concerned by the growing number of treason cases published an online legal advice guide titled “What to Do if They Come for You.”

Charges against Davydova were eventually dropped, after tens of thousands of people, including the widow of Nobel Prize-winning Russian author Alexander

Solzhenitsyn, petitioned the Kremlin on her behalf. But the majority of those charged have not been as lucky.



Russian activist Svetlana Davydova spends time with her sons Spartak and Eduard, right, in the kitchen after returning home in Vyazma, Russia on February 4. Davydova was accused of high treason for phoning the Ukrainian embassy in Moscow to warn that Russian soldiers might be heading to eastern Ukraine, but charges were dropped after tens of thousands petitioned the Kremlin on her behalf. Credit: Maxim Zmeyev/Reuters

In September, Gennady Kravtsov, who worked as a radio engineer for Russian military intelligence from 1990 to 2005, was jailed for 14 years after sending his résumé to a Swedish company. The FSB accused Kravtsov of revealing “top secret” information that threatened Russia’s security, even though the radio surveillance system that was his area of expertise has not been in use since 2000. Restrictions on Kravtsov working abroad, imposed by the military over the sensitive nature of his previous employment, ended in 2010. In November, Maxim Lyudomirsky, a physicist previously involved in weapons development, was sentenced to nine years in a maximum security penal colony over allegations that he had transferred information to an unnamed country.

Related: Putin Uses Assad Visit to Talk Up Kremlin Role as Syria Political Broker

“State propaganda depicts the rest of the world as a threat to Russia’s national security,” says Lev Shlosberg, an opposition politician. “To convince people of this myth, enemy agents are necessary. The special services hunt for people who have dealings with foreigners and portray this as espionage.”

The FSB did not respond to Newsweek’s request for a comment. Alexander Sidyakin, a hard-line lawmaker from Putin’s ruling United Russia party, denies there is a political motivation to the arrests. “It’s very simple,” he says. “Russia’s special services have started working more effectively, and Western special services have got much worse.”

Ex-KGB officer Putin has never made a secret of his suspicion of foreigners. In April 2000, in his maiden speech to parliament, he warned that government officials, lawmakers, heads of political parties or “any other Russian citizen” would face criminal charges if they were found to be “maintaining contacts with representatives of foreign governments” outside their official duties. In fact, there was not—and never has been—any such law on the statute books.

It’s not only individuals who are being accused of betraying Russia. Under another law passed by Putin in 2012, nongovernmental organizations funded from abroad and engaged in “political activity” are required to publically declare themselves “foreign agents” or face closure. A number of groups have halted work rather than accept the designation, which in Russia clearly connotes espionage. Memorial, a human rights group that investigates crimes by the Soviet-era authorities, is the latest organization to be hit by the label.

Related: Would Putin Be a Reliable Ally in the War on ISIS?

Russian authorities are also increasingly seeking to discourage ordinary people from traveling abroad. The Foreign Ministry has repeatedly warned that U.S. intelligence agencies are engaged in a worldwide “hunt” for Russian citizens and recommends avoiding travel to countries that have an extradition treaty with the United States. In early November, Vadim Solovyov, a Communist Party lawmaker who is the deputy head of a parliamentary committee on constitutional law, said discussions were underway to introduce Soviet-style “exit visas.” He later claimed he had been misunderstood. Just days later, however, an official at Russia’s Foreign Ministry said a possible ban on Russians traveling to European Union countries was “being worked out.”

This atmosphere of suspicion has already pushed many Western-leaning Russians out of the country. Marat Guelman, a former Kremlin adviser turned opposition supporter, believes the Kremlin would be only too happy to see the rest pack their bags. “I think they are pushing those 14 percent who don’t agree with Putin’s politics to leave [Russia] as soon as they can,” wrote Guelman, in an online post. “They are saying, ‘Why are you delaying things? There’s nothing here for you, and tomorrow you’ll wake up and the doors will be closed.’”



Maria Stenzel/National Geographic

OCEANS ARE NOT ON THE TABLE AT CLIMATE NEGOTIATIONS IN PARIS

**OCEANS PRODUCE MOST OF THE OXYGEN WE
BREATHE, AND THEY ARE THREATENED BY CLIMATE
CHANGE.**

Sylvia Earle wants you to take a long, hard look at whale poop. More specifically, the veritable tsunamis of the stuff emitted in vast yellow plumes each day. They provide an unparalleled visual representation of how a rich diversity of life is essential to a healthy, resilient ocean, which is itself

the key, she argues, to maintaining a planet that works in our favor.

Oceans are home to a wide array of vegetation, including mangrove forests, meadows of sea grass and, most important, phytoplankton. Just like terrestrial forests, sea vegetation conducts photosynthesis through which it also sequesters carbon. To do this, vegetation needs nutrients from other life in the sea, which comes mostly from decomposing bodies and excrement. Estimates suggest that whale populations—and the nutrients they provide—have declined by as much **90 percent** in the last three centuries. And whales are just one example. The more that we make the sea inhospitable to life, through pollution, overfishing, acidification and warming (which, she points out, is also melting frozen pockets of deep-sea methane that is being **released into the atmosphere**), the less capable the ocean is of helping to regulate our atmosphere.

Oceans cover **71 percent** of the earth, contain **97 percent** of its water and produce between **50 to 70 percent** of all the oxygen we breathe. And yet, protecting, conserving and cleaning up our oceans is nowhere on the formal agenda at the United Nations' 21st Conference of the Parties (COP21) in Paris. It's "the big blue elephant in the room," Earle says. Everyone knows it's essential, yet they're not taking action, which baffles Earle, an oceanographer and National Geographic Society explorer-in-residence who was named a "Living Legend" by the Library of Congress in 2000.

Related: Five Big Developments From the Beginning of the Paris Climate Summit

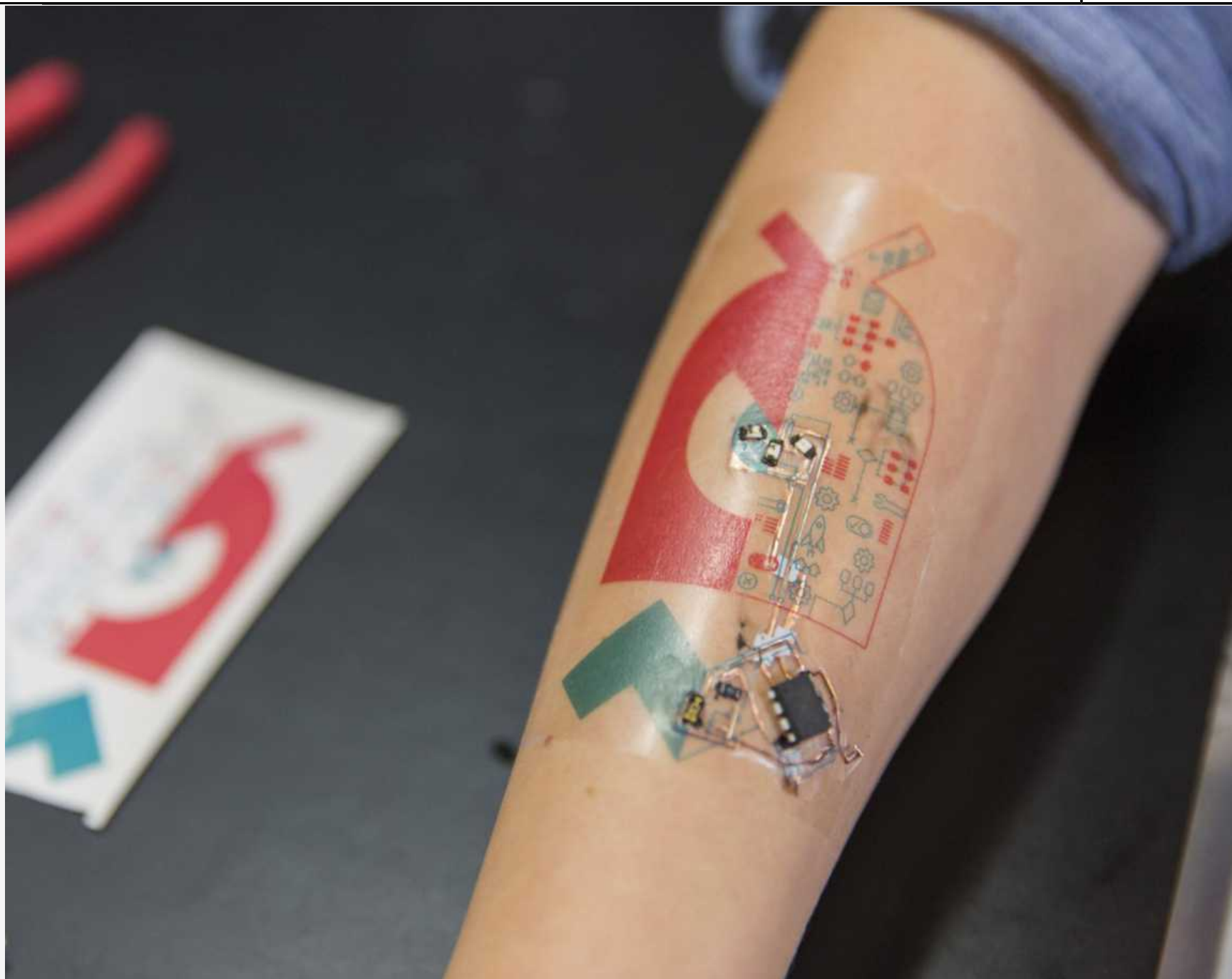
She's the grande dame of ocean protection and is in Paris to put world leaders on notice that if you neglect the force "that drives climate and weather, shapes planetary chemistry and is the principal governing body of planetary temperature," efforts here will fail. "No ocean, no life. No ocean, no us."

The problem, says Earle, is that we tend to ignore that the ocean is essentially “our life support system.” Instead, we see it mostly as a place of recreation, means of transportation and vast fish trawling (“clear-cutting marine species like forests”), and a source of things like oil, gas and minerals. These last bits are critical: Demand for ocean resources and advances in methods of industrial exploitation are the two main drivers “pushing the ocean system to the point of collapse,” reported the [Global Oceans Commission](#), noting both overfishing and that “a third of all oil is now extracted from under the seabed.”

One straightforward solution, says Earle, is putting an end to government subsidies for oil and gas industries and instead directing this money to investments in renewable energy, particularly solar. She also has an idea: “hope spots.” Just as we protect National Parks and other terrestrial habitats, the U.S. government has had a National Marine Sanctuaries program since 1972. Yet, Earle says, “only 2 percent of the ocean globally is protected from harmful activities.” Earle is spearheading the creation of a worldwide network of communities advocating for marine protected areas—the hope spots—near where they live. Her goal is to safeguard a full 20 percent of the ocean in this way by 2020.

Others at COP share her concerns. Though the issue is fully absent from the text of the agreement being negotiated by governments, other participants at the summit—including scientists, former government officials, nongovernmental organizations and even sister United Nations bodies, such as the U.N. Organization for Education, Science and Culture—have tried to raise awareness during two separate days here in Paris devoted to water and the ocean. They’ve hosted plenaries, press conferences and actions, with many arguing for financial obligations by wealthier nations to support water protection in lower-income areas. It’s a start, Earle says, but much more must be done. And, she warns, “we’ve got to hurry.”

Antonia Juhasz, the author of several books, is writing from Paris on COP21 for Newsweek. Reach her at [@AntoniaJuhasz](#).



Chaotic Moon

‘TECH TATS’ USHER IN NEW GENERATION OF WEARABLES

**THEY COULD CHANGE HOW WE MONITOR OUR STEPS
AND VITAL SIGNS—AND EVEN PAY FOR A CUP OF
COFFEE.**

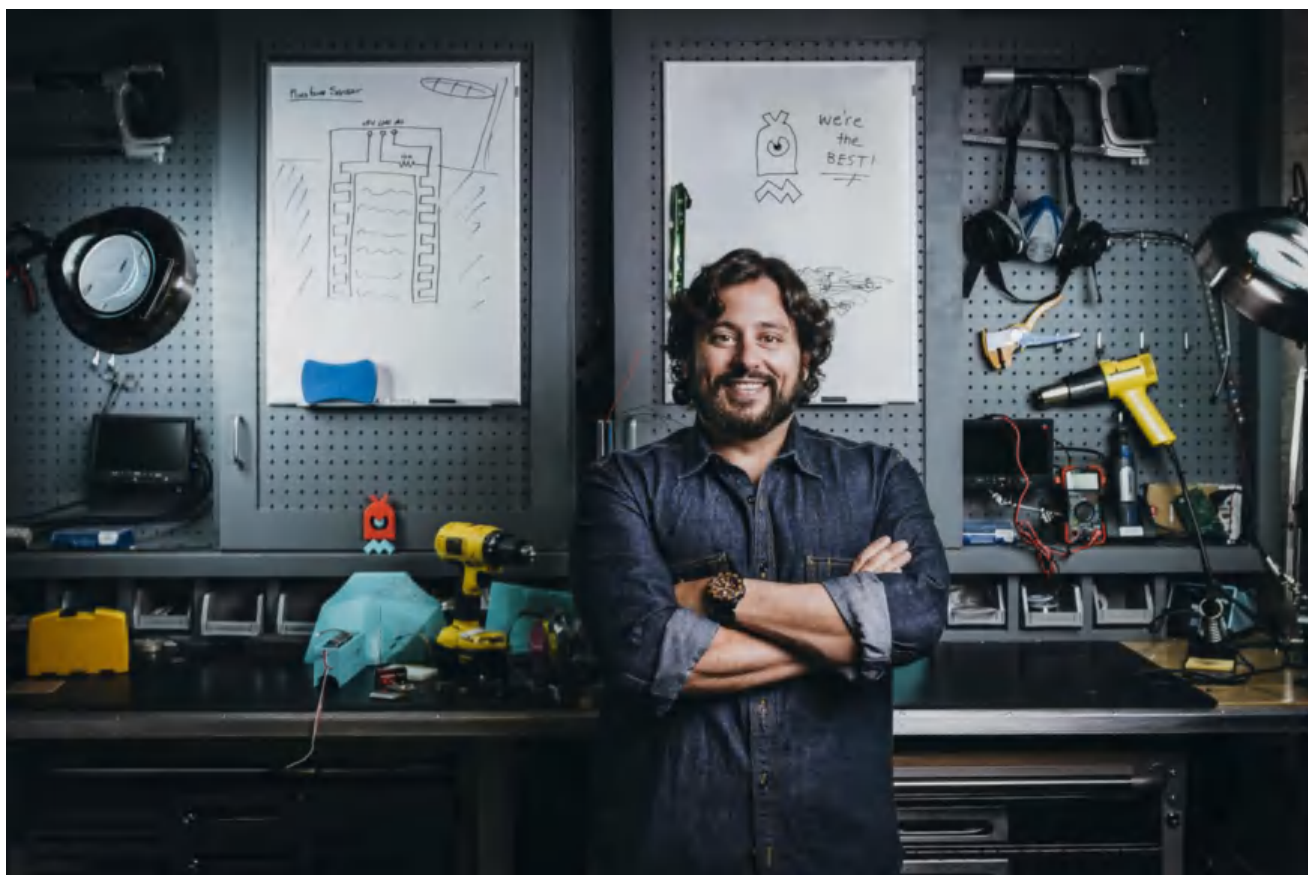
Devices like the Fitbit and Apple Watch are sold on the notion that they will provide a steady stream of personal data that could improve a person’s life: help you lose weight,

sleep better and reach fitness goals. But it only works if a user remembers to strap it on every day—and keeps it there.

However, research finds that consumers quickly tire of using these devices every day. A **survey by Endeavour Partners**, a digital consulting firm, found that 50 percent of consumers who purchased a tracking device no longer use it, and a third threw it in a drawer after six months. **Chaotic Moon Studios**, a startup in Austin, Texas, hopes to solve this problem (and many others) with “tech tattoos.”

Related: The Arrival of the Wearable Dating App

Tech tattoos are made from small pieces of hardware components that connect with special paint that conducts electricity, creating a small circuitry that sits comfortably on the skin and resembles a simple circuit board. These “biowearables” can collect and store data such as heart rate and body temperature and then send that information to a smartphone app.



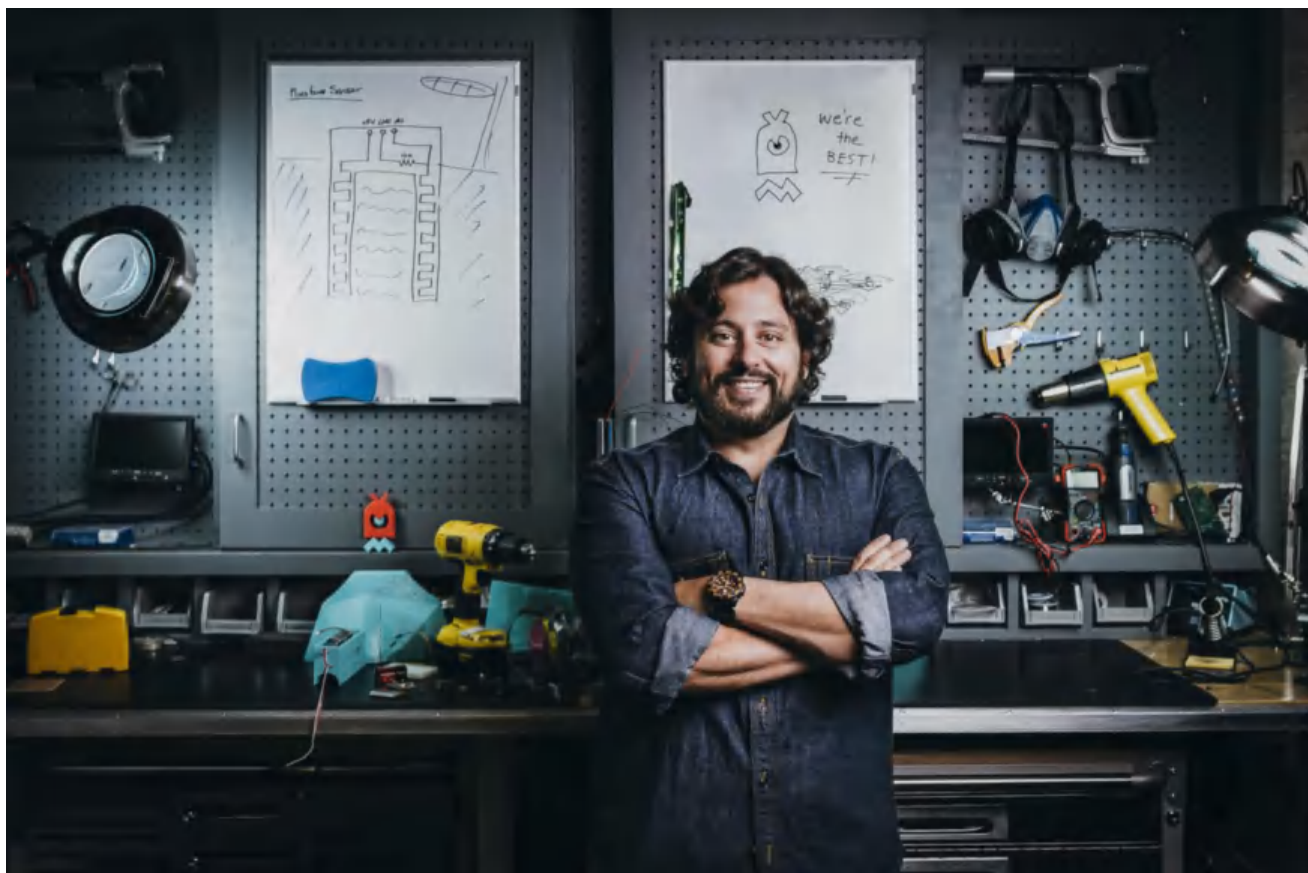
Chaotic Moon CEO Ben Lamm is the mind behind the tech tat, a skin-mounted chipset that combined with conductive paint can collect, store, send and receive data while living on the human body in the form of a tattoo. Credit: John Davidson

The company has not said when it plans to put the first generation of tech tats on the market. Currently, its tech tats must be applied by hand. First, the special ink is painted on the skin with a brush. Then the small hardware components are fixed onto the area; they are tiny enough to require tweezers for application. But Chaotic Moon anticipates the version it will sell to consumers would come in a package similar to a box of Band-Aids and be applied like a temporary tattoo—with just some pressure and a little water.

“This is really going beyond what the fitness tracker is,” says Eric Schneider, Chaotic Moon’s creative technologist for hardware. “We’re right now looking into the medical field specifically, because there’s a lot of monitoring devices that take up a lot of room and space.” Schneider’s group believes tech tats could become useful to physicians wishing to monitor a patient’s vital signs for days or weeks after surgery in an unobtrusive and reliable way. Currently, a physician looking to track a patient’s heart rate will send the person home with a cardiac monitor—usually an unwieldy device worn around the neck.

Related: Wearables: The Ultimate Black Friday Bling

The tech tats could also be useful in preventive care. “Rather than going to the doctor once a year for a physical, this tech tattoo can be something that you just put on your body once a year, and it monitors everything they would do in a physical and sends that to your doctor, and if there’s an issue they could call you,” says Schneider.

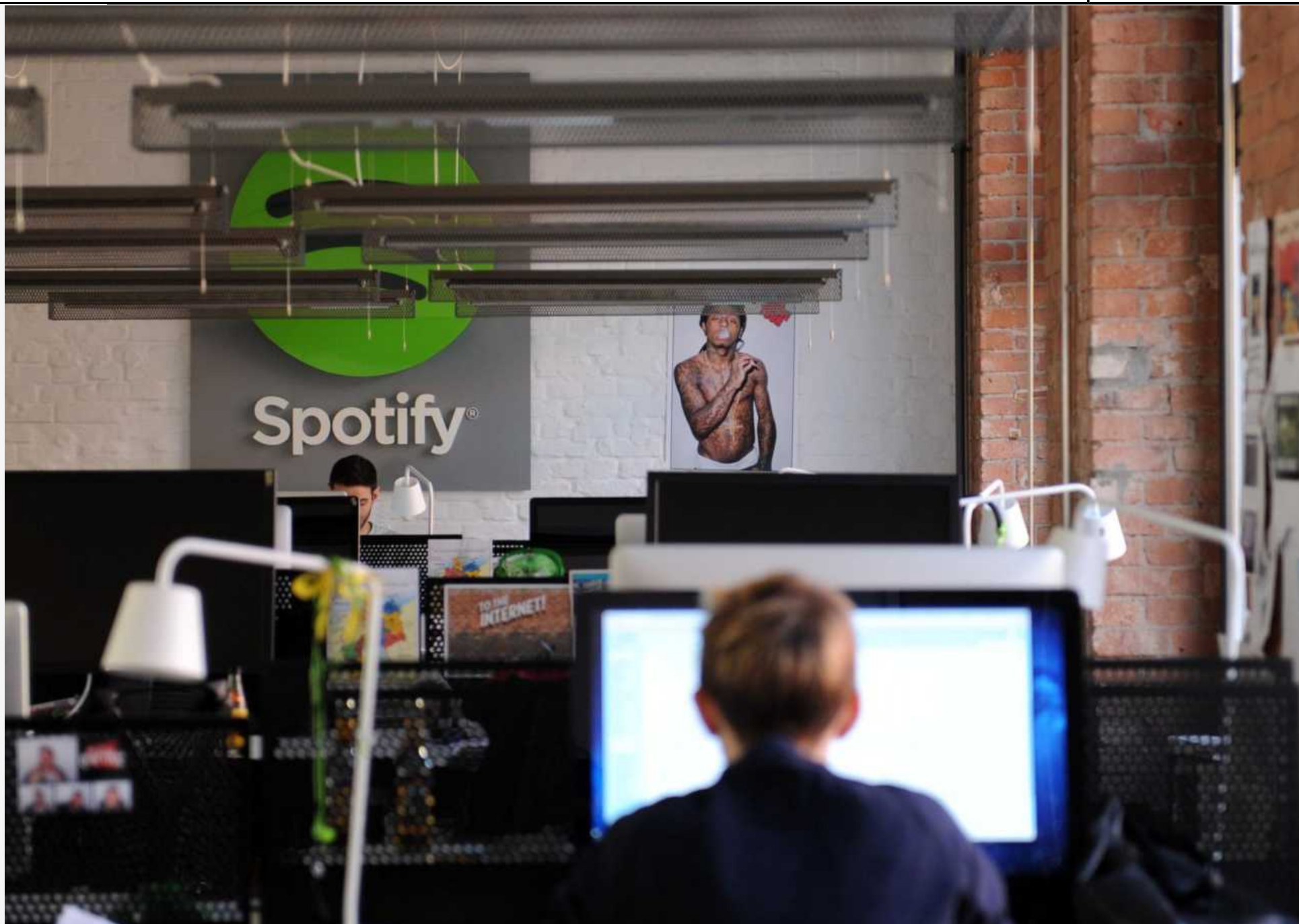


Credit:

Tech tats could even change the way consumers make financial transactions, providing a more secure and faster way to pay for things by simply tapping your wrist at the supermarket register instead of opening up your wallet. They could also, for example, replace paper tickets at amusement parks and movie theaters—after purchasing your ticket online, all you'd need to do to gain entrance is tap the tattoo on a scanner. The concept could even be applied to everyday challenges such as getting through airport security.

And, of course, the company hopes the cool futuristic aesthetics will be a selling point. The developers have even created one prototype of a tech tat it hopes to make, with animation activated by the wearer's movements.

Related: Quake and Wake



Britta Pedersen/picture-alliance/dpa/AP

WHY VC CASH IS KILLING INNOVATION IN SILICON VALLEY

BY CHASING UNICORNS, VENTURE CAPITAL MIGHT AS WELL BE CHASING THE DRAGON.

The fascination with technology “unicorns” seems about to go the way of Bigfoot sightings, Area 51 aliens and Furbies.

And tech startups will be better off for it. Really.

At the moment, a lot of Silicon Valley is in a panic. There's been a party going on for the past year, and it apparently just ran out of beer.

Huge rounds of financing have been inflating the value of startups, creating a herd of billion-dollar private companies popularly labeled **unicorns**. According to CB Insights, in April there were 57 unicorns with a total value of \$211 billion. Now that has shot up to 144 valued at \$505 billion. These companies range from Uber (valued at \$51 billion) to Spotify (\$8.5 billion) to companies you've probably never heard of, like Quikr, Kabam and Farfetch (\$1 billion each).

Related: Silicon Valley Needs Moms!

Pretty much everyone you ask in tech says the crazy money is drying up. Startups looking to go public are finding that their private valuations don't hold. Square's **initial public offering** this month was supposed to be the crystal ball that would foretell the fate of all unicorns. Well, Square's last private round valued it at \$6 billion. Post-IPO, its market cap is more like **\$4 billion**. Some \$2 billion went poof.

The troubles look worst from up close, especially in Silicon Valley. The pre-IPO funding flood encouraged a good deal of sloppy management, overblown egos and stupid expectations, so there will no doubt be layoffs, underwater options and fortune-seekers moving back to Oklahoma. For a little while, there will probably be crying.

But the damage from a rupturing valuation bubble isn't likely to be anything like 2000's tech **apocalypse**.

For starters, the total value of all the unicorns put together is barely more than Microsoft's **\$432 billion** market cap. If the unicorns lost a third of their total value, it would be the equivalent of the \$182 billion AIG bailout. All in all, the unicorns are a small group with an outsize image, like the Kardashians.

Back in the late 1990s, exuberance over the Internet caused the building of dot-com and telecom companies that promised way more than the technology could do and got way ahead of what people actually wanted—Webvan, Flooz and the infamous Pets.com. They weren't real businesses. When funding withered, many closed.

Related: How to Succeed in Silicon Valley: Have a Really Great Bad Idea

This time, though, most of the companies are building products and services people desire. The companies have real business models. Five years ago, it was nearly impossible for a craftsman at a street fair or a piano teacher making a house call to take a credit card. Now thousands of small businesses rely on Square, changing the nature of transactions. For the first half of 2015, Square brought in revenue of \$560.6 million, at a healthy growth rate. In that way, Square is very much a fortune-teller for other unicorns. It operates a fine business. It disappeared \$2 billion because the financiers screwed up when they invested.

As the valuation spiral unwinds, a relatively small circle of private investors will get seriously whacked, and some million-dollar Wall Street bonuses won't get paid. But since the unicorns aren't public, the financial fallout won't blow far. The companies that have built real businesses won't go away.

And then it will be better for startups—possibly much better.

Startups will benefit as office rents tumble and good people become easier to hire. The cost of starting a tech company and launching a product has dived by something like a hundredfold since the dot-com era, thanks to the emergence of things like cheap cloud computing and open source software. Private money raised has been far outpacing the cost of developing a business. Less money in the system

is not going to result in less innovative technology getting built.

The influx of so much private money screwed up the natural metronome of the tech startup universe. Huge funding rounds convinced a lot of founders to stay private too long. Data analysis of post-2000 tech IPOs by **Play Bigger** advisers (for an upcoming book I co-authored with them) shows that almost all of the most enduring and valuable tech companies went public when they were between six and 10 years old. Facebook, Google, Twitter, VMware, Red Hat and others all fit that model. Companies that rushed to IPO earlier or waited until later almost always created very little long-term value.

Related: Who's Silicon Valley Backing for President?

So there is a pace that works in tech. It starts with a gestation period. By years six to 10, it becomes obvious that a new company and its new category will firmly take hold, and the company then goes public and ramps up. History suggests that companies will benefit if that pace returns.

Moreover, the billions of dollars pumped into tech startups don't help. The data analysis shows that money raised by a company while private has absolutely zero correlation to its long-term performance as a public company. In other words, the gigantic private financing rounds of late are like participation trophies in kids' soccer. They're meaningless and send the wrong signals.

Some of this helps explain why a lot of great tech companies get started on the backside of exuberant times. Uber was founded in 2009, just after the 2008 financial crisis. Google blossomed in 2000. Microsoft was founded in 1975 in the midst of an oil crisis. Give the private-valuation nuttiness a moment to clear, and it should be the sanest time to start a tech company in years.

And then we can stop this obsession with unicorns and get back to looking for Tupac.



Schalk van Zuydam/AP

THE WORLD'S MOST UNDERESTIMATED DISEASE

A BACTERIAL INFECTION IS KILLING MILLIONS EVERY YEAR AND GROWING STRONGER AND MORE RESISTANT TO TREATMENT BY THE DAY. SO WHY AREN'T WE RUSHING TO STOP IT?

The dirt roads are dusty in the summer and a quagmire when it starts to rain. The gutters, few and far between, fill up quickly with milky, putrid water. Khayelitsha, the second-largest South African township, is a stretch

of wooden and tin shacks clumped tightly together. It's growing quickly: Although there are no official estimates, it is believed that since 2001, the population has risen by 200,000, pushing the total to more than 500,000 inhabitants. New houses are eating the last free areas of land. Tin huts have been thrown up on the beach, all the way to the dunes that mark the township's boundary with neighboring Cape Town.

In these South African suburbs, the poor live in precarious housing built in filth. Whole families here cram into huts a few square feet big, where air does not move and bacteria proliferate. It's an environment that facilitates the rapid spread of a deadly infectious disease: tuberculosis. People contract TB when *Mycobacterium tuberculosis* bacteria enter the body and start to multiply. Usually, it infects the lungs, but if untreated it can spread, attacking the kidneys, spine or brain. Tuberculosis gets little press or attention, despite the fact that it condemns to death **1.5 million people** around the world every year.

This low profile is probably due to the fact that while it was once a leading cause of death in Western Europe and North America, it has largely been eradicated in these regions. In the U.S., for example, there were about **8 0,000 TB cases in 1954** ; 60 years later, there were just **9,421**. Today, over 95 percent of TB victims are in developing countries. The World Health Organization estimates that in South Africa TB infects 450,000 people every year. In the minibuses that function as public transport for the majority of people, in churches, in bars, in houses—in any small, poorly ventilated space—all it takes is one cough. And once infected, many will die. The WHO **estimates** that there were 96,000 TB-related deaths in South Africa in 2014, making the illness the leading cause of death in the country.

Phumeza Tisile, of Khayelitsha, was diagnosed with TB in 2010. At first, she was given the usual first-line drugs for the infectious disease. But after a few months of treatment,

her doctors discovered that her body wasn't responding to the treatment—she had multidrug-resistant tuberculosis. MDR-TB, as it's often called, is the result of an infection by a form of *M. tuberculosis* that has mutated to survive the drugs typically used to treat regular TB—isoniazid, rifampin, ethambutol, pyrazinamide.

The problem is escalating. The WHO estimates that in South Africa, for example, cases of **MDR-TB rose from 2,000 in 2005 to about 8,000 in 2014**. Essentially, drug resistance arises in areas with weak TB control programs. If a patient is not treated long enough or doesn't take prescribed medications properly, the weaker bacteria die off but the stronger survive. These bacteria then replicate and eventually spread.

Perversely, our improved ability to recognize MDR-TB is helping make the disease stronger. The treatment for drug-resistant TB is long and painful, and many patients end up quitting midway through—which again encourages TB bacteria to grow stronger. Unlike regular TB, which takes six to nine months to treat, MDR-TB requires treatment for up to two years, involving something like 14,600 pills and hundreds of injections. It's very expensive and painful, and it comes with a high risk of serious side effects.

"During the treatment period, I felt really bad. I vomited and felt sick all the time. I couldn't eat, and I slowly lost my hearing until I became completely deaf," says Tisile. And even then, the treatment didn't seem to work. After further analyses, her doctors gave her the bad news: She had Extensively Drug-Resistant Tuberculosis (XDR-TB), which is as bad as it sounds. This form of TB can't be cured even with second-line drugs.

To defeat XDR-TB, you need treatments that can cost **\$26,392**—100 times more than the cost of a course of treatment for common TB. Eventually, with the financial assistance of Doctors Without Borders, Tisile finally got the right treatment, and in August 2013 her TB tests came up

negative. Still, she could no longer hear or talk. This year, she had two cochlear implants, which restored her hearing. Despite her suffering, Tisile was relatively lucky. The treatments for the XDR-TB are successful just 20 percent of the time, **according to the latest WHO TB report**.

TB Unmasked

At the Brooklyn Chest Hospital, a few miles from the center of Cape Town, men and women, young and old, walk the corridors with masks covering their faces—the identifying mark for those who have caught TB. The simple paper masks are indispensable to prevent contagion but unbearable because of the discomfort they cause and the attention they attract. “Many people prefer to risk contagion rather than using masks,” says Dr. Paul Spiller, who heads up Brooklyn Chest. “This [is] because of the stigma against TB patients that in South Africa is still very strong.”

People with TB here fear meeting their neighbors on the way to the hospital, fear having to say to their relatives that they are TB-positive and fear being abandoned by family and community. “When two years ago I discovered I was TB-positive, and a little later also HIV-positive too, my family disappeared,” says Moses Michize, 42. “I have not heard from them since—not a phone call or a visit for the entire treatment period. I no longer exist to them.”

To avoid social isolation, people with TB hide their disease and don’t get proper treatment. That means they often don’t learn the very basics of the illness, says Sive Mapeitu, a 27-year-old health care worker. “People know little or nothing about the new forms of tuberculosis, do not know how to prevent it, do not understand why the masks are necessary,” she says. “The majority of people, if they start to cough, they just cure themselves as if they had caught a cold, and if the cough goes on they pretend they’re fine. Very few of them decide of their own free will to go and take the test.”

Mapeitu is MDR-TB-positive. "I am sure I was infected while working in Guguletu, a township in Cape Town where I used to live and where I spent all day with infected people—a filthy environment, 20 people using the same bathroom, no sewers, so of course TB proliferates."

Anyone can get TB. Ivan Ross, a 61-year-old fisherman who lives in a wooden shack fell ill in the hold of a boat, where the air is stagnant, the humidity high and cold gets into your bones. Because of the illness, Ross had to stop working; today, he makes a few dollars here and there by charging kids in the township of Hout Bay to play some old '90s console-based video games he owns. On the opposite end of the spectrum is Dalene von Delft, a 33-year-old doctor who lives in the wealthy neighborhood of Somerset West. She, like Mapeitu, was infected on the job. But there's also one particular community in South Africa that suffers more than others from the disease: the miners.

The Platinum Disease

Step out of Johannesburg and travel just a few miles into the stretch of bare hills in the Gauteng region, and you'll quickly understand how integral the mines are to South Africa's economy. They rise like trees in the arid landscape, where trucks and other heavy machinery kick up dust 24 hours a day, obscuring the small, barren work towns where thousands of miners live, often without their families. Miners are the economic backbone of South Africa. With its platinum, coal, manganese, chromium and gold, the mining industry represents one the country's most important resources, **making up 8 percent of its gross domestic product**.

For centuries, TB has affected the miners here at higher than normal rates. Today, despite the commitments made by mining companies to guarantee the health and safety of workers, TB continues to claim victims. "The basic problem is that mines are, I dare to say, an environment worse than hell itself," says Georgina Jephson, a lawyer in

Johannesburg. "Temperatures reach [95 to 100 Fahrenheit]. The air is stagnant. There is no ventilation whatsoever, and dust gets into the lungs. And when miners breathe silica dust, coming from the explosions, they are exposed to great risks to their health." The miners typically spend 12 to 14 hours a day in this asphyxiating heat.

Jephson, together with the Richard Spoor Law Office, is currently representing thousands of miners in a trial involving 30 of the major mining companies of South Africa. They are seeking justice—and compensation for the health problems they've developed on the job. "According to recent studies, 1 miner in 4 has got silicosis, and this is the first step toward tuberculosis," says Jephson. Silicosis is an illness caused by the inhalation of silica dust, which is present in huge quantities in the mines. As time passes, this dust weakens the lung's defense system, making it more susceptible to an M. tuberculosis infection.

"I am sure that I got sick in the mine," says Tembe Djais, who lives in a small village at the gates of Bizana, in the Eastern province. Djais worked for 30 years in a gold mine in the mining town of Carletonville. "I was team leader," he says. "I was the first to go into the newly opened corridors and first to breathe the dust before it even touched the ground." When Djais retired, he started to suffer from strong chest pain. Breathing became difficult. He was coughing constantly and had no appetite. Soon he was losing weight rapidly. He went to the doctor and found out he was TB-positive. Luckily, it was a drug-susceptible type—he is now under treatment, and the doctors are confident he will recover. Now he wants those responsible for his poor health to step up. "I got sick underground, and I think that compensation is the minimum that the mine company can do for me and my family."

The miners' story is illustrative of the larger problem when it comes to tuberculosis treatment: It's an unsexy disease that affects those living in the shadows of society.

Researchers, doctors, professors and health care workers all agree that tuberculosis does not get the attention or investment from international donors that such a deadly killer—the most lethal single infectious agent in the world—deserves. In large part, this is because pharmaceutical companies are abandoning investment in TB research. Pfizer stopped funding TB research in 2012, AstraZeneca in 2013, Novartis in 2014. Overall, private sector investment in TB research has diminished by a third from 2011 to today. "The explanation is quite simple: The research on TB does not make enough profit," says Nesri Padayatchi, deputy director of the Center for the AIDS Program of Research in South Africa. "Moreover, in Western countries, it is looked upon as a disease of the Third World, of poor people."

In September, the United Nations adopted a new set of sustainable development goals, intergovernmental targets for broadly improving the world. One key target: End the epidemic of tuberculosis by 2030. But Mario Raviglione, director of the WHO's tuberculosis program, thinks that's unrealistic. It's not that it's an impossible objective; it's that the premise is flawed. TB, he argues, is no longer an epidemic like Ebola—one that comes on quickly and strongly but then fades into memory. TB has "become endemic by now," he says. "It has found its balance amongst the people." As a planet, we've more or less accepted the fact that some of us will die from this dreaded disease, now insidious, nearly impossible to root out. Maybe that's OK. But visit the broken township of Khayelitsha, or the ghostly halls of the Brooklyn Chest Hospital or the hot, dusty Gauteng mines, and you'll see that it's not.



Matthew Eisman/WireImage/Getty

THE MAN BEHIND THE ICELAND AIRWAVES MUSIC FESTIVAL

THE ONE-TIME PUNK BRAT HAS TURNED INTO A GLOBE-TROTTING UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADOR FOR HIS HOMELAND'S MUSIC.

Grímur Atlason is nowhere to be found, though stories of him abound. Whenever I find myself haplessly roaming the streets of Reykjavík, Iceland, through the crush of pink-cheeked carousers who have flocked to the Airwaves

music festival, there are always a dozen folks eager to recall sightings of the hulking 6-foot-7 local rock guru.

He's at the hip-hop showcase in the sweater store, insists a sound engineer. No, he's schmoozing with foreign media at a cocktail party, says a publicist. Actually, he's eating a shark, declares a paint-streaked street performer who is probably taking the piss out of me, in much the same way as the piss gets taken out of sharks in this part of the world. (A local delicacy is that fish fermented in urine and drained before consumption; no sensible tourist eats it twice.)

One guitarist points across the street to **Stjornarrad**, the prime minister's office. "Start there," he drawls between swigs of Gull beer, freezing raindrops clinking against his can. "He's the mayor of Iceland, after all."



Grimur Atlason, the manager of Iceland Airwaves, performs on November 7 with his band Dr Gunni. Credit: Aníta Eldjárn/Iceland Airwaves

Actually, Atlason's real title is much less formal. He's the manager of Iceland Airwaves, the country's most famous cultural event. The one-time punk brat of Reykjavík's vibrant DIY scene has turned into a globe-trotting unofficial ambassador for his homeland's music. "I play the bass, and

I'm a rocker, and I know how to do it, but I was always better at organizing things," Atlason, 45, explains in his office at the Harpa, the capital's opulent national symphonic hall. Black tattoos of snowflakes and anchors peek out from the sleeves of his red sweater. "My oversight, when it's really, really hectic, is similar to maybe taking some kind of drug: I see everything really clearly."

That focus has played a significant role in the expansion of Airwaves since it began in October 1999, when Sigur Rós and the trip-hop band GusGus headlined a **concert** at the Reykjavik Airport. It was a bid to increase tourism in the country's frigid off-season and flaunt its musical offerings that, despite what many in the international community assumed, included more than just tremulous Björk ballads. Today, Airwaves is more analogous to South by Southwest—a kinetic network of shows in a dozen-plus clubs in downtown Reykjavík, ranging in regality from Gaukurinn, a cramped dive bar with cheap shots and sticky floors, to the Harpa, a towering building with glass mosaic walls. It's such a trendy scene that the festival recently prompted Rolling Stone to dub the entire country **"the new Brooklyn,"** tongue likely in cheek.

Atlason took over Airwaves five years ago and insists on selecting every band himself; this November, the number reached 168 Icelandic acts and 72 foreign ones. "It's a tyranny—I have the final say," he says emphatically, reclining in his office chair, his tan Timberland boots shoving aside errant paperwork on the desk. "The bands have to be crispy, crispy, crispy. They must have aspects to them that make the festival more vibrant, more in all directions."

His lineups work out to roughly 70 percent Icelandic artists, and local musicians play alongside prominent international imports. This year, the Icelandic electro-pop group FM Belfast shared a stage with the British electronic dance stars Hot Chip, and the local orchestral-pop composer

Borko opened for American folk smart-ass du jour Father John Misty at the Harpa. Other acts were imported from Japan (the psychedelic punk band Bo Ningen, at the pop-up room KEX Hostel), Norway (the winsome pop singer Aurora, at the cavernous Reykjavík Art Museum) and New Zealand (the dream-folk group French for Rabbits, at the restaurant Iðnó). Around 9,000 ticket holders assembled from similarly far-flung locations—particularly the U.K., U.S. and Scandinavian countries—and not least because past rosters have championed their acts. In past years, Atlason booked Robyn, HAIM, Hozier and Iceland's Of Monsters and Men before they achieved wide fame.

Much of Airwaves's hectic atmosphere stems from its hundreds of "off-venue" concerts, or unofficial shows in unusual locations: bus stations, apparel shops, even swimming pools. One of this year's marquee artists, John Grant of the Denver rockers the Czars (he's now an expat in Reykjavík), performed a swooning set with the Iceland Symphony Orchestra at the Harpa, then popped over to his regular barbershop for a few songs. Scouring downtown for these shows is an addictively challenging hunt and appeals strongly to music industry executives. Icelandic bands first scouted here have been invited to play other international festivals, including Glastonbury in England, Lollapalooza in the U.S. and Roskilde in Denmark.

Sometime after they arrive with fur-lined parkas and wide-angle lenses, and before they depart with nine new psych-rock CDs and a satchel of freeze-dried fish, tourists at Iceland Airwaves will invariably call the country "magical." And even that word can fall short when it comes to describing the brilliant ribbons of green and purple lights that spread across night skies, the seething volcanoes that hulk in the distance and the bubbling lagoons with water as blue as melted crayons. In Reykjavík, the lights of gently sloping clapboard houses glow with perennial yuletide

warmth, and smiling shopkeepers will happily answer your questions about puffins.

Many of the festival's venues are much more lo-fi: nonchalant dive bars spackled with fliers and sweat droplets, well-trod carpeted halls with stains that may predate the Vikings. The Gamla Bío theater is one of the more elegant, with art deco flourishes in its molding, though its backstage is a dim labyrinth of rickety ladders and inexplicable dead ends. Yet it's here, four nights into Airwaves, that Atlason has found a moment of peace. He slumps onto a scuffed couch and plucks at his amber-hued bass guitar; the room's lone light sources—a transparent glass minifridge stuffed with beer and the iPhone at his hip frantically flashing texts and notifications of missed calls—barely illuminate the strings.

“Even if it's punk rock, you have to warm up,” Atlason tells me sternly. He glances around the empty backstage hallway. His bandmates are still having a boozy dinner. “Or at least I have to.”

He noodles around for a few more minutes, stoically ignoring the phone—it's a rare reprieve from fielding the endless questions, favors, crises and general political glad-handing required of his role. But louder needs prevail: His punk quartet, Dr. Gunni, is about to take the stage for their first Airwaves show in 12 years, and the first since he began managing the festival.



Fans enjoy one of the shows at this year's Airwaves Music Festival in Reykjavik, Iceland. Credit: Birta Ran Bjorgvinsdottir/Iceland Airwaves

It was Atlason's idea—a way to fête the recent 50th birthday of the group's frontman, Gunnar “Dr. Gunni” Hjálmarsson, a prolific singer-songwriter and **music historian**. But two days ago, he was lamenting the decision. “When you get me to think about it, I just go, shit,” he groaned to me. “It's probably the most stupid thing you ever do, to play your own festival. I have no focus for it.”

Hjálmarsson isn't offended. “Grímur says everything that he's thinking; he's not sugarcoating anything,” he says dryly. “I think he's manic all the time. You probably have to be, with so much to take care of.”

Atlason was an active teen in the Reykjavík DIY scene of the 1980s—a fertile time for Icelandic rock, with the rise of influential acts Stuðmenn and Bubbi Morthens, and the decade in which Björk and the Sugarcubes first demanded international attention. The members of Dr. Gunni became minor cult figures in 2003 with the release of their only album, *Stóri hvellur* (Big Bang), a raucous effort of surf-inflected guitar and scabrous vocals that nodded to Hüsker

Dü and the Pixies. “They made a wonderful, wonderful pop-punk record that unfortunately didn’t fly too high,” explains Haukur Magnússon, 34, a promoter for Airwaves between 2005 and 2008 and now the editor-in-chief of alternative newspaper The Reykjavík Grapevine. Two members of Dr. Gunni, Guðmundur Birgir Halldórsson and Kristján Freyr Halldórsson, also play in his punk band, Reykjavík. “In 2005, they stopped playing. But they didn’t break up; they were just adults with jobs and shit.”

For Atlason, that job was working as a social development therapist and record label promoter. But the following year, he took a left turn and became the mayor of **Bolungarvík**, a small, fishing-heavy municipality in the fjords of northwest Iceland. Then he did the same at the nearby municipality **Dalabyggð**. Both have populations of around 1,000 people. “I was sort of hunted down to do that because the town wanted to have a promoter for their city,” he explains. “But being a mayor in Iceland is like doing 10 jobs at once.”

Good training for managing Airwaves. The evening of Dr. Gunni’s show, Atlason’s airtight schedule falls into disarray; he wants to stop by his favorite swimming center for a dip (a daily routine for most Icelanders), but his father calls and asks him to deliver some alcohol to his house. So off we speed in his hatchback through the steep hills of suburban Reykjavík, streetlights glimmering below us and two bottles of Brennivín schnapps clinking in the backseat.

Atlason has mentioned twice now, in passing, that he entered rehab at age 19. “Before that, my life was going in the sewer. I started drinking at 11,” he explains, briefly looking away from the dark road to meet my gaze. He’s clearly used to speaking frankly about the topic. “Growing up, my parents were both alcoholics.... It was, for me, the path I was doomed to take. Using alcohol was really good for me. I liked it because I became calm, and that hole in my stomach kind of went away for a while.”

He now has been sober for 21 years and has three kids—one from a first marriage, two from his current one. “My children have never seen me under the influence,” he says proudly. He parks the car and walks off to his father’s house, bottles in hand.



Festival goers enjoy the geothermal bathing at the Airwaves Blue Lagoon party during the fourth day of the 2004 Iceland Airwaves Music Festival in Reykjavik. After more than a decade, Airwaves has become one of the premier showcases for new music — Icelandic and otherwise. Credit: Jim Dyson/Getty

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When Dr. Gunni takes the stage at Gamla Bíó, it is a moment of little fanfare: the four of them under harsh white lights, squaring off for 50-odd people milling about. Just another one of the many pleasantly scrappy shows at Airwaves, but it’s suffused with a sincere, bracing punk spirit; Hjálmarsson howls with guttural vigor—he smacks of an Icelandic Frank Black—while Atlason postures wide-legged and proud, thrashing his head and screwing his face tightly as he churns out rapid bass runs. It’s a fusillade set, nine songs in 27 minutes. By the time it’s over, the crowd has swelled, and the front row is chanting, “Meira!” (More!)

Afterward, Atlason and the rest of Dr. Gunni convene in the green room. “Wow, you have to be fit for that,” Atlason says, mopping his face with his sweat-sodden black Airwaves tee.

“It was not so good sound,” says Hjalmarsson.

“But it was fun, wasn’t it?” Atlason replies, grinning at Hjalmarsson until he reciprocates. “I thought it was punk and good.”

I ask if he would take to the festival stage again. He chuckles. “Probably not, because I wouldn’t call myself an artist. Maybe an ‘rrrrtist,’ if you take the A away.” He claps his bandmates on the back and shrugs into his coat. Then he’s off, phone to his ear, back into the hectic expanse of his festival.



Landon Nordeman/Redux

JOYCE CAROL OATES SHARES SECRETS TO HER TWITTER GAME

**JOYCE CAROL OATES'S TWEETS HAVE STARTED TO
ATTRACT MORE ATTENTION THAN HER BOOKS. WE
ASKED HER WHY.**

In bookstores, Joyce Carol Oates is a staple—an author of more than 40 books of fiction, whose awards and decorations are numerous.

But on Twitter—where Oates communicates daily with her more than 130,000 followers—the 77-year-old author is another force entirely. Her 140-character musings, on everything from racism and global conflict to kale, have become a surreal object of fascination on the medium. Oates's tweets regularly draw dozens of replies and blog posts, and her Twitter has been described as "infamous" and as "the #1 self-parody account on Twitter." It's a burgeoning industry for bloggers—Salon.com has a dedicated beat chronicling Oates's tweets. The author's social media presence is such a palace of wonder that some replies to her tweets have become as iconic as the tweets themselves.

II

.@JoyceCarolOates thats not
the same at all thats terrible
youre terrible but thank you
for inventing oatmeal— DVS
(@DVSblast) February 8, 2014

More recently, the National Book Award winner drew negative attention with a series of tweets wondering whether there exists anything "celebratory & joyous" about ISIS.

II

All we hear of ISIS is puritanical
& punitive; is there nothing
celebratory & joyous? Or is
query naive?— Joyce Carol
Oates (@JoyceCarolOates)
November 22, 2015

II

Portrayal of non-combative life
under ISIS so grim & narrow, why
would anyone wish to live in such
a way? Mass delusion?— Joyce
Carol Oates (@JoyceCarolOates)
November 23, 2015

Oates spoke with us from her home in New Jersey about Twitter, Internet comments and whether or not a hot dog is a sandwich. This interview has been lightly condensed.

How did you first get involved with Twitter? I was given an account by my publisher, at HarperCollins. I would not have initiated it myself. In fact, I would never have even

thought about it. I think the idea is that when writers go out on the road or give readings at universities, we're expected to post where we're going to be. There are some writers, like **Margaret Atwood**, obviously, [for whom] it becomes more involved. Margaret tweets a number of times a day. She's very involved with politics and endangered species of birds and so forth.

I retweet, and I have tweets of my own. But usually my tweets are responses to other things I've seen on Twitter. What I tweet gets retweeted or taken out of context, so it doesn't seem to be part of a dialogue.

Do you think any of your recent tweets have been taken out of context? Well, I think so. I was responding to the idea of Thanksgiving, the upcoming holiday season and what I assume is a real emotional impoverishment in other parts of the world where there are totalitarian dictatorships and states that are very hostile to human happiness and joy. I used the word joyous. That people live without joy seems very tragic to me. So I was talking about the emotional impoverishment of ISIS, wondering why anyone would choose to live in that way. But I had a number of tweets—probably 20 or more on the subject. Just the others don't get retweeted.

||

If we could return from the dead
how mesmerized we would be
by rippling of wind through trees,
grasses, flowers...just stare &
stare happily— Joyce Carol Oates
(@JoyceCarolOates) July 18, 2015

Why do you think that tweet got so much attention? I think it's the nature of Twitter and social media. People are looking for something to take out of context and then they magnify it. Even though it's the opposite meaning of the original meaning. [It's] just part of the whirligig or chaos or fleeting sensationalism of social media, that things are exaggerated and then forgotten, and then the next thing comes along, and it's exaggerated and forgotten.

Did you read the replies to that particular tweet? Well, some of them. It seemed like there was a reversal of my meaning. But I couldn't really explain that except by other tweets. There's no way to explain to that to those particular people.

II

Okay, who got grandma stoned?
<https://t.co/j010QF9NXe>— Molly
Ringwald (@MollyRingwald)
November 24, 2015

For example, Molly Ringwald, the actress, **tweeted**: “OK, who got grandma stoned?” Who got what?

"Who got grandma stoned?" I don't know what was so unusual about what I suggested, that there's an emotional impoverishment. I don't understand why it would be considered that a person who said that was hallucinating.

What sort of people do you like to follow on Twitter? Well, I follow **Daniel Mendelsohn**, the classicist. I follow **Steven Pinker**. **Steve Martin**. **Bill Maher**.

Do you have a favorite? No. I'm trying to remember who else I follow. I follow the poet **Henri Cole**. Oh, **ACLU**. **Michael Moore**.

Do you draft and revise your tweets, or do you just tweet whatever comes to mind right away? No, I revise them.

II

Still can't comprehend why the
Danish zoo killed the beautiful
young healthy giraffe. Yes,
they had "reasons"--so did
Nazi doctors.— Joyce Carol
Oates (@JoyceCarolOates)
February 11, 2014

Do you think Twitter can be conducive to thoughtful conversation? I don't know how to answer that. Basically, when I look at Twitter, I often click on the articles that somebody is linking. Steven Pinker has interesting science articles. And **Michael Shermer**, another scientist or intellectual. A lot of what I do is clicking onto articles, in the Guardian, substantial articles in The Atlantic, mostly, or Canadian publications. It's like a magazine or newspaper.

Do you ever read the articles that are published about your tweets? I've seen some of them. But they really seem so hostile. I write all sorts of tweets about many, many things. I write tweets all the time! But people don't seem to know that.

Do you ever leave comments on articles? Internet comments? Have you actually looked at my tweets?

Yes, I have. Well, you don't seem to be aware of them. I often retweet. I often have comments.

I mean, do you write in the comments section of articles? On websites where there's a comments section? No, probably not. I probably only see like 1 or 2 percent of anything, of responses. Unless they're from people whom I know.

II

**Considering boycotting
kale, gluten-free cereal, &
Gatorade until social injustice is
righted.— Joyce Carol Oates
(@JoyceCarolOates) May 9, 2014**

Do you prefer to call them “favorites” or “likes”? I don't have any strong feeling. I never used it.

Do you find that most of your friends use Twitter as well? Almost nobody. No, almost nobody.

Have you ever really regretted a tweet? I'm not sure. Hmm. When I first started a long time ago, a couple years ago, I was involved with gun rights advocacy, gun control and so forth. I got many, many hostile tweets in the very beginning—which I actually read. And they were extremely hostile. But then as time went on, I stopped reading those hostile tweets. Or I blocked them. If you take a position on gun control, you draw a lot of very angry people. It's not that I regret those. But I would probably do it a bit differently [than] when I started out.

||

So barbaric that this should still
be allowed... No conservation
laws in effect wherever this
is? <https://t.co/hgavm9lBaM>
— Joyce Carol Oates
(@JoyceCarolOates) June 9, 2015

Your Twitter drew a lot of attention about five months ago **when you tweeted a picture of Steven Spielberg** on the set of Jurassic Park. Oh, that was meant to be a joke! I have many, many tweets that are meant to be funny. I have tweets from even today [that are] meant to be funny. They're not supposed to be taken literally.

People misunderstood that tweet. Well, it was just meant to be funny. I had a fake dinosaur picture on Twitter some months before. It was something that I'd taken at the Natural History Museum. A flying dinosaur. I said [it] was the New Jersey State Bird. Now that was obviously a joke. But some people thought it was a real bird. They wrote to me and said they'd never seen a bird like that in New Jersey. What can I do? I can't really explain a joke as I'm making a joke. I just thought it was funny that some people thought that a flying dinosaur bird was a New Jersey bird. I didn't really regret it.

The president **recently made a personal Twitter account** for himself. Do you have any Twitter advice for President Barack Obama? I follow him. His tweets are obviously crafted. They're not going to offend anybody. He can't

be witty, like Bill Maher. Steve Martin is a wonderful tweeter, but he's drawn back from it because a lot of his were misunderstood.

||
"Cat food" in China actually
is.— Joyce Carol Oates
(@JoyceCarolOates)
May 13, 2014

There was a debate that broke out on Twitter about whether or not a **hot dog is a sandwich**. Did you follow that debate?No.

Do you have an opinion on it?No.

No opinion?No. But that seems typical of the trivial nature of Twitter. Who cares? We have this law enforcement crisis in the United States where black people are being shot down in the streets, and that's a real social evil. That's what people should be concerned about. Most of what I follow on Twitter has to do with social injustice. I could care less about a hot dog.



Jim Urquhart/Reuters

KOBE THROWS UP ANOTHER BRICK WITH HIS RETIREMENT PLAN

**NBA FANS CAN'T WAIT FOR JUNE: KOBE BRYANT
NEEDS TO GO NOW.**

The highest-paid player in the National Basketball Association is currently mired in last place among all active players in both field goal percentage (.305) and 3-point field goal percentage (.202). The Los Angeles Lakers are paying

Kobe Bryant \$25 million to air-ball shots, with impunity, that he once swished with either hand.

Viral vultures gleefully post vines of Bryant's precipitous decline. NBA fans will pay double and triple face value of tickets for the privilege of saying that they saw the equivalent of Seattle Slew running Tuesday's fourth race at Santa Anita at the age of 12. Where for more than a decade Bryant, the greatest backcourt player since Michael Jordan, chased a championship trophy, he is now fleeing personal atrophy—but he has already been caught.

On November 29, Bryant, via The Players' Tribune website, announced he would retire at the end of this season. The statement, titled "**Dear Basketball**," was a requiem that was credited to Bryant but read as if it had an assist from the ghost of Robert Louis Stevenson. "My heart can take the pounding," Bryant (read: a producer at the site) wrote. "My mind can handle the grind. But my body knows it's time to say goodbye."

A question for one of the NBA's top 10 players of all time and a man who was known for never mincing words: Why will it take you so long to say so long?

Bryant should exit now. The 17-time All-Star should have quit before November 30, when he shot four for 20, including an air ball on the potential game-tying 3-pointer, in a 107-103 home loss to the Indiana Pacers. The Black Mamba, as he is also known, should definitely have slithered away before November 24, when he shot one for 14 (tying the worst game of his 19-year career) in a 34-point loss to the Golden State Warriors.

Bryant has as much business suiting up for the Lakers as the titular character in Fletch once did. But at least those were dream sequences. These Lakers games are nightmares. "There's so much beauty in the pain of this thing," Bryant said after the November 30 loss. Beauty? This is like

watching a bloated Elvis Presley **playing the Las Vegas Hilton** in 1975.

The King looked obese and sloppy in his declining years. Bryant, at 37, still cuts a preternaturally youthful, alpha-alien figure. Having shaved his head midcareer (like another 6-foot-6 first-ballot Hall of Famer), Bryant still physically resembles the aught-era Laker antihero we all loved or loved to loathe. The proof of his decline is not in the photos but on the stat sheet.

Like Elvis, Bryant has always been a solo act. He is the one player since M.J. who is as gifted and relentlessly competitive as M.J., but he never aspired to be like Mike in terms of elevating his teammates. Bryant has always been a solitary creature. A Charles Lindbergh of hoops.

You may be too young to recall Bryant's first All-Star game, in 1998, when he shooed away Karl Malone as the power forward moved to set a pick for him (something the Mailman was the best in history at doing). Or the toxic biodome in which the Lakers' won a trio of championships at the turn of the millennium co-starring Bryant and Shaquille O'Neal. Tinsel Town was not big enough for the two of them, and so Shaq (another first-ballot Hall of Fame lock), six years older, was exiled.

No longer having to share the marquee, Bryant let his petulance sometimes overshadow his virtuosity. During a 2006 playoff series against the Phoenix Suns, the media chided Mamba for taking too many shots (35 in Game 6 alone, but then again this was a squad on which Smush Parker was a starter). As a retort to his critics—one of whom may have been his coach, Phil Jackson—Bryant, in the second half of the decisive Game 7, did not attempt a shot. He never even drifted below the free throw line extended on offense. The Lakers lost by 31.

Every paean to Bryant that you have or will read will note the countless hours he spent in the gym by himself honing his game. Those same stories may or may not also

mention that he has for years been estranged from his parents (his father, Joe, played for the Philadelphia 76ers before playing abroad). Bryant is, and always has been, a loner. Even when he steps onto the court with four other men dressed uniformly in uniforms.

The Lakers have long understood, being proximal to Hollywood, that the audience craves a leading man. Bryant has been that figure for the Staples Center faithful ever since O'Neal departed. And that is why, even as the roster aged and Bryant's talent began to wane, the team awarded him a two-year, \$48.5 million contract in 2013. It was a thank-you, sure, but it was also tacit acknowledgement that the audience demanded its star more than it did a good picture. Dwight Howard, the league's top center at the time, understood that too, which is why he fled the Lakers after only one season in 2013. (Last week, Howard was asked if he learned anything from Bryant. He smiled, paused and then said, "Next question.")

And so we have arrived at the Kobe desert. The Lakers (2-14) are in last place in the Western Conference with a nucleus of young talent, including rookie guard D'Angelo Russell, who was selected No. 2 overall last summer. Every minute Bryant spends on the floor is a minute one of the young players does not. Every shot he takes is one less that they do. And yet, last week, Los Angeles coach Byron Scott went all Taylor Swift on the Bryant conundrum, saying, "I would never, never, never [bench Bryant for poor play]." Why not? Isn't that in his job description?

Bryant has always been both relentless and merciless on the court, to teammate and foe alike. But at least he was always brutally honest. As long as he was the best player on the court and the Lakers were winning, who dared challenge him?

The Lakers are awful now, and so is he. And yet Bryant is still chucking up more shots than anyone else in purple and gold. Only now, as the giant orange orb sets in the

Pacific, he is suddenly discovering sentimentality and empathy? Bryant, who is triple pump-faking shots before he clanks them, is doing the same with his retirement.

“Dear Basketball” is not a retirement announcement; it’s a Dear John letter. Bryant wants to remain a friend with benefits with hoops until mid-April. Basketball’s retort? “I’ve found someone new. His name is Stephen Curry.”



Mark Leong/Redux

CHINA'S GROWING APPETITE FOR CAVIAR AND TRUFFLES

CHINA IS BECOMING A MAJOR PLAYER IN LUXE COMESTIBLES.

Mao Xiping rakes through the undergrowth in a pine forest on a hillside in China's Yunnan province. After only a few minutes, he finds what he is looking for—a handful of golf-ball-size black truffles. Just to show that this is no fluke, he wanders farther into the forest, past clumps of

wild ginger and the occasional marijuana plant, to repeat the performance. “I get paid 1,000 renminbi a kilo [about \$150] for them, which is a large part of my income. No one eats them here—we used to just feed them to the pigs,” Mao says. Farmers here began harvesting truffles 20 years ago; now Yunnan produces 200 tons of tuber indicum, or Chinese black truffles, and exports much of that to truffle-hungry diners overseas.

A growing number of wealthy Chinese diners have also been seduced by the musty, morel-ish allure of these earthbound fungi. With me as I visit the local producers of several high-end ingredients during a recent trip to China is Terrence Crandall, executive chef of the Peninsula Hotel in Shanghai, who wants to encourage more awareness of the quality produce available in China. Many affluent Chinese consumers have embraced foods that are not traditionally Chinese, and chefs like Crandall are increasingly incorporating them into high-end menus. Chinese entrepreneurs and established companies are also taking advantage of the increasing demand for luxury foods, both imported and Chinese-grown.

Crandall acknowledges that the Yunnan truffles Mao finds in the forest are far from the quality of Périgord truffles (*Tuber melanosporum*)—France’s finest. “One of the problems is that all of these truffles are on state land, so it’s first come, first served—which means they are usually taken before they are fully mature,” Crandall explains. Even though the quality of Chinese truffles may not be world-class, some dealers in Europe mix them with top-quality local varieties; the Chinese tubers are physically impossible to differentiate from European truffles and cost a fraction of the price.

Crandall explains that truffles are far from the only delicious fungi to be found in Yunnan. The province, in the south of the country, is home to nearly 30 types of edible mushrooms, including superb morels, boletus and

matsutake, which are highly sought after in Japan. China is already the world's largest producer of fungi and the third-biggest exporter after Poland and the Netherlands. Don't be surprised if you see Chinese mushrooms coming to a place near you soon—Yunnan alone expects to export more than \$1.5 billion worth this year.

Chinese truffles, along with the country's nascent but rapidly growing wine industry, may never rival the very best foreign alternatives, but there is one luxury food product the Chinese are definitely in line to dominate—caviar.

Gourmets have long prized the unfertilized roe of several species of sturgeon. Unfortunately, it is necessary to kill these fish to harvest the caviar, which is usually between 10 and 12 percent of the weight of a fully mature sturgeon. More than 90 percent of the world's caviar once came from the Caspian Sea, but due to overfishing, pollution and political instability, regulating production was vital. Since 2008, there have been strict quotas and then a worldwide ban on wild caviar production according to a treaty, the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora. This has led to a profusion of farmed varieties in more than 50 countries, from Saudi Arabia to Bulgaria. Some of these countries are producing delicious farmed caviar, but serious aficionados still hanker after the taste of the wild Russian and Iranian varieties from the Caspian.

Wild caviar production was around 1,000 tons per year in the mid-1980s, and while farmed caviar worldwide is catching up, it has only just passed a total of 200 tons. The heartland for caviar production in China is in one of the most exquisite and unspoiled destinations in the country—the vast Thousand Island Lake, 250 miles southwest of Shanghai. This artificial lake was created 50 years ago to provide hydroelectricity. There is no industry nearby, and nearly 90 percent of the shoreline is natural forest, conditions that have made the lake ideal for farming healthy sturgeon.

The Kaluga Queen caviar company, based at the lake, produced its first caviar in 2006. Five main species of sturgeon are being reared in the Thousand Island Lake, all in huge subterranean cages, which are lowered into deeper water during the hotter summer months. Because of poaching and pollution in the Caspian Sea, plus the worldwide ban on catching sturgeon in the wild, Russia, Iran and the other countries that surround the Caspian are way behind in their farming practices, as they wrongly assumed the worldwide bans would soon be lifted and therefore lost time in creating farmed stocks. It takes at least eight to 10 years for some sturgeon species to mature, while beluga, the rarest and most expensive species of them all, can take 12 to 18 years to grow to full size before they are caught, killed and the caviar eggs removed from their bellies.

When I visited the lake recently, I traveled by speedboat from a dock across the still surface for several miles to reach the sturgeon farms. The only sign of the farms is a series of narrow walkways surrounding what appears to be open water. Inside big steel pens are hundreds of large, shark-like sturgeon, many well over 6 feet in length. There are 50,000 sturgeon slowly reaching maturity before being taken several hours away in water-filled trucks to a processing plant in the city of Quzhou. The 50 or so workers at the plant are subject to stringent decontamination procedures—as are all visitors—before being allowed near the sturgeon. The company's employees kill the fish, remove the raw caviar, mix it with a small amount of salt and seal it in 1.8-kilogram airtight containers. The process takes no longer than 15 minutes.

But what about the taste? I have tried the very best farmed caviar from Iran, Spain, Germany, Italy, France and Belgium, but none has the power and intensity of Kaluga Queen's Schrenckii caviar, a hybrid of the Amur and kaluga species. I'm not the only admirer. Alain Ducasse already uses this variety at his eponymous restaurant in Monaco (the restaurant has three Michelin stars), as do three-star chefs

Joël Robuchon and Eric Ripert. Lufthansa also serves it in its first-class cabins.

Last year, Kaluga Queen produced 45 tons of caviar, making it the largest producer of farmed caviar in the world. It exports nearly three-quarters of the delicacy. Kaluga Queen anticipates a maximum production of 60 tons of caviar annually, plus the sale of the sturgeon fish itself, which has a firm texture and is also suitable for smoking. The company manufactures four different varieties of caviar, ranging in price from \$1,500 per kilogram to more than double that for the prized beluga. It will be a few more years before the beluga species it is breeding attains the necessary maturity to produce the larger roe associated with this variety.

“In the beginning, people didn’t believe that we could produce caviar in China and didn’t trust us,” says Han Lei, vice general manager of Kaluga Queen. “Last year, we exported 2 tons to Russia, and in a blind tasting of 25 different caviars we were ranked first and second. So people listen to us now.”



Berluti

*BERLUTI: A
GENTLEMAN'S
EMPORIUM BEFITTING
ANDY WARHOL*

**PARIS-BASED SHOEMAKER BERLUTI IS NOW MAKING
CLOTHES WARHOL WOULD HAVE LOVED.**

In 1962, a pale, shy-seeming man with sunglasses and an excessively floppy fringe crossed the threshold of 26 Rue Marbeuf, the address of Berluti, the fabled Paris-based shoemaker. Celebrating its centenary this year, Berluti was

established by a former carpenter from Italy who turned his woodworking skills to good account making the lasts around which shoes were formed. By 1962, the third generation of the Berluti family was running the business.

In those days, Berluti was shoemaker by appointment to the famously fastidious Duke of Windsor and Charles de Gaulle, then the president of France. The establishment that met the needs of the abdicator king and the president of the republic was—just about—willing to also serve less desirable types, such as singers and movie stars Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra, but the staff was unused to seeing young men with silly haircuts, leather jackets and sunglasses walk through the front door. Happily, a gap-toothed young woman of artistic temperament had recently started working at Berluti. Her name was Olga Berluti. She was a cousin of the owner, Tabilio Berluti, and she recognized the withdrawn man behind the fringe and the dark glasses as the artist Andy Warhol.

Under the disapproving gaze of her elders, Olga agreed to design Warhol a pair of shoes, and the following year (making a bespoke pair of shoes is not a rapid business) the square-toed moccasins that the artist had requested was ready. Unhappily—so company lore has it—an unsightly scar in the leather bisected the apron of the shoe, but instead of sending them back to the workshop, Olga told her client a story: “The leather came from a transgressive cow that liked to rub up against the barbed wire.” The notion of a transgressive ruminant appealed to Warhol; he declared that henceforth he would wear only shoes made from the leather of transgressive cows.

Warhol’s shoe—with its pronounced stitching around the apron, its exaggerated throat and widened slot on the vamp—has remained in production ever since. And although part of me finds it hard to believe that Berluti would let a shoe go into production with a great crease in it, this creation myth has the ring of truth about it, because making a story out

of something others would call a defect—indeed making a story out of anything or indeed very little—was one of Olga Berluti's fortes.

She was a sorceress of shoes. These were not just things that one put on one's feet; they were extensions of one's soul, allegories for decoding the mysteries of life. Their special lambent Venezia leather was washed in the lagoon of Venice, and they were best cleaned using vintage Venetian linen and a few drops of vintage Dom Pérignon.

I first met Olga in the early 1990s, before LVMH acquired the brand in 1993. I sat in her shop, bewitched, as she wove tales of how she was designing footwear for the modern warrior and how she left shoes outside at night so that their color would fade and age by the light of the moon. Sunlight, she said, was too harsh. All was going swimmingly until I asked if I could have a poke around the workshops; she was affronted by the suggestion. It was as if I had suggested making the Turin Shroud into cushion covers.

Eventually, we did get along well enough for me to visit her atelier, which she had decorated with the lasts of about 150 dead customers, transforming these wooden stand-ins for an individual's uniquely shaped foot into works of art. The Duke of Windsor's last was festooned with feathers, tartan and coral. And that was the difference with Berluti—the use of color. Before Berluti, men's shoes tended to be black or brown. After Berluti, kingfisher-bright shoes came to adorn men's feet. And the colors were not just solid; these were shoes with subtle variegation and gradation of color. It took a while for these innovations to take off. I believe the first experiments with color were in 1968, but now even many relatively conservative men have embraced shoes with vibrant colors.

Berluti long ago outgrew its single-shop beginnings and since 2011 has been under the creative direction of a delightful man called Alessandro Sartori, who has been

charged with the task of turning a shoe shop into a modern gentleman's emporium. "We built up the silhouette from the shoes," he explains, describing how he began creating the sort of clothes that would perfectly match the famous footwear. "You need to see the shoes, so we needed a narrow pant, clean and sharp"—which led him to the natural shoulder line of the jacket and also the acquisition of celebrated Paris tailor Arnys, adding the expertise of two dozen tailors to the company's 35 shoemakers.

While the bespoke garments and shoes are made in Paris, the ready-to-wear shoes and clothes are made in Italy. The color Sartori sees as crucial to the identity of Berluti is common to both collections. "I collect the season's colors, and working with the colorist we study the recipe for each one, and we study them on leather—all the colors need to work for shoes. Only at that point do we translate them into fabrics and yarns."

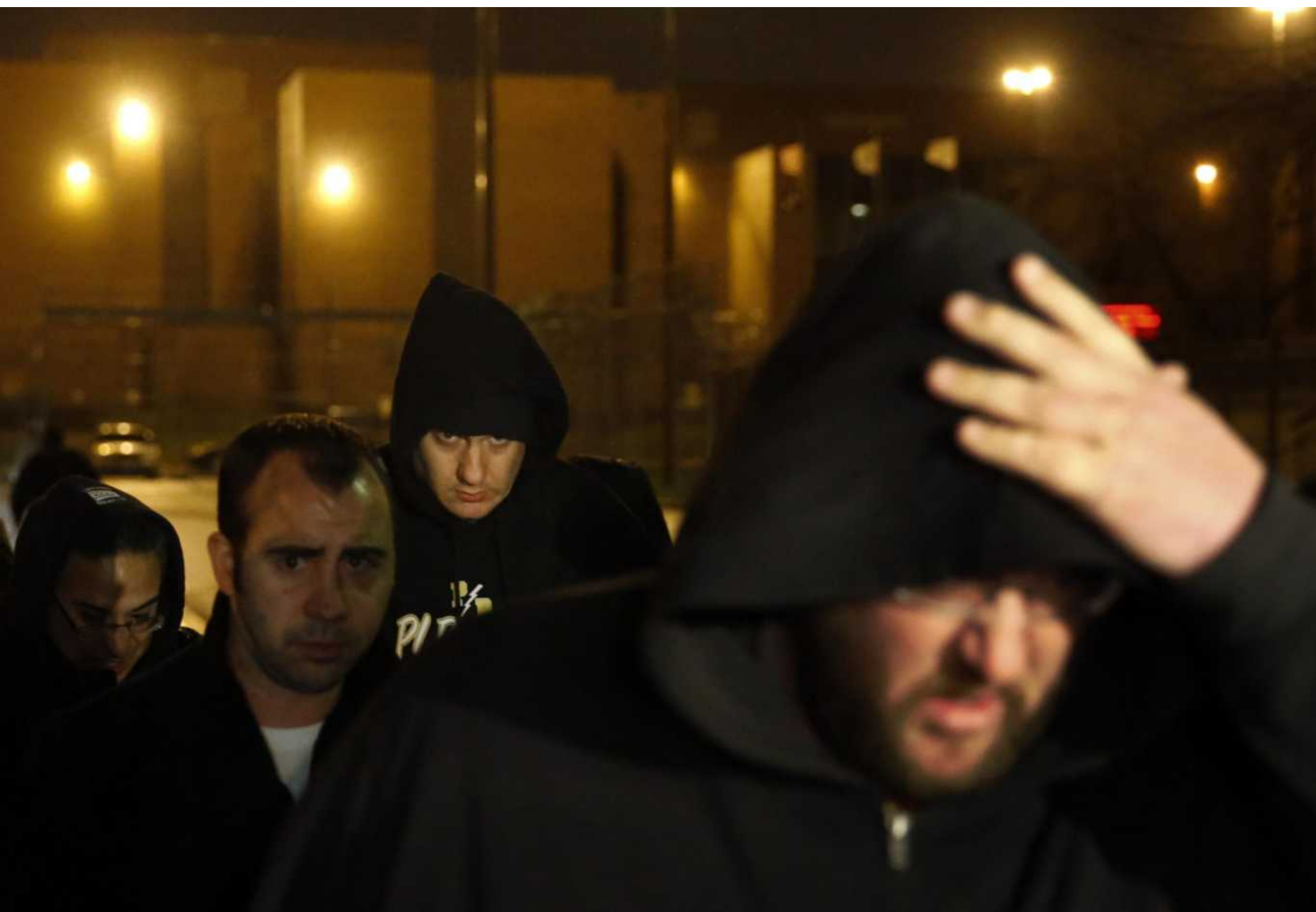
Thus from shoes to trousers and coats. "We have a perfect match," Sartori says. "Even though you would never wear an outfit in the same color." And it is in the leather jackets and coats that the similarities to the shoes are at their most prominent, because they are treated to the same coloration and patination process as the shoes. "We want a perfect transversal line between all the products," he says.

I think Andy Warhol would have liked what Sartori is doing with Berluti, not least because he was fond of leather jackets. I have suggested to Sartori that he look into making an Andy jacket to complement the Andy shoe. I daresay, however, that had Warhol worn a Berluti blouson he would have been as particular as he was that time he walked into the Berluti shop in 1962, making clear his preference for a transgressive rather than transversal line.

01

PERP WALK

Chicago—Police officer Jason Van Dyke, back middle, leaves the Cook County Jail after posting bond on November 30. He had been detained on charges of first-degree murder in the death of 17-year-old Laquan McDonald. A dashcam video of the October 2014 shooting, which appeared to show McDonald veering away from Van Dyke, seemed to contradict police reports that Van Dyke shot the teen 16 times after McDonald lunged at him with a knife. The case has heightened the national debate over institutionalized racism. The U.S. Justice Department said it would launch a broad investigation of the Chicago Police Department.



02

WAR IN AMERICA

San Bernardino, California—Police officers conduct a manhunt for suspects later identified as Syed Farook and Tashfeen Malik. The married couple killed 14 people and wounded 21 on December 2 when they opened fire at a holiday party in a social services agency in an attack that appears to have been inspired by the Islamic State militant group. The two were later killed in a shootout with police. President Barack Obama said the attack by the U.S.-born Farook and his Pakistani wife showed that “the terrorist threat has evolved into a new phase,” as ISIS uses the Internet to influence potential attackers.



Mike Blake/Reuters

03

STILL SMILING

Manassas, Virginia—Republican presidential candidate Donald Trump speaks during a campaign rally at the Prince William County Fair Ground on December 2. Despite his controversial comments on immigration and a backlash after he appeared to mock a reporter with a disability, Trump remains popular, with a new Quinnipiac University poll putting him at the top of the GOP field with 27 percent of Republican voters. After the San Bernardino attacks, Trump said that if he were president, he would “go after” the families of terrorists.



Cliff Owen/AP

04

VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN

Caracas, Venezuela—Humberto Lopez, a Chavista known for dressing like Marxist revolutionary Ernesto "Che" Guevara, reacts to news that the opposition Democratic Unity coalition won a landslide victory in congressional elections on December 6. Lopez, a strong supporter of socialist President Nicolás Maduro and his predecessor, the late Hugo Chávez, once said that if the opposition won an election, thousands of militants would offer resistance. An unprecedented recession and a collapse in the bolívar turned voters against the populist policies of Maduro and gave the opposition a majority in Congress for the first time in 16 years.



Carlos Becerra/Bloomberg/Getty